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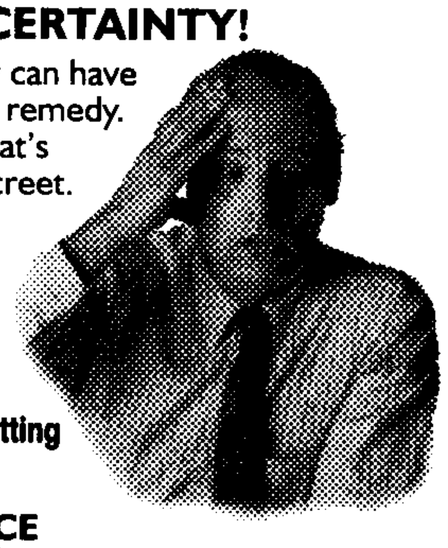

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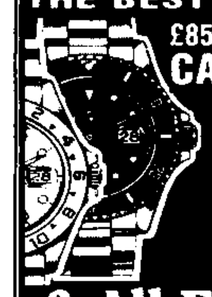

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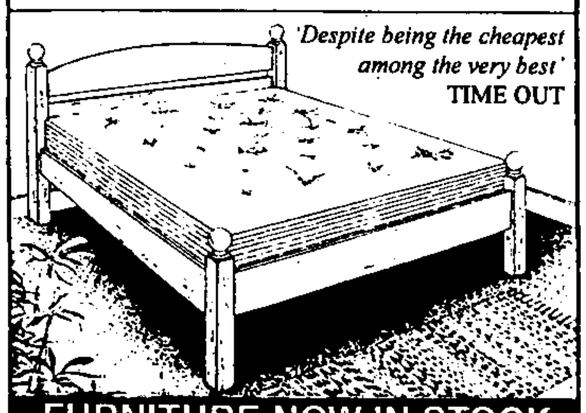

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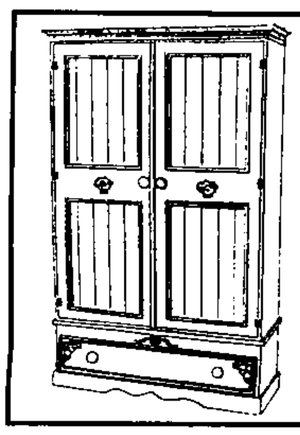

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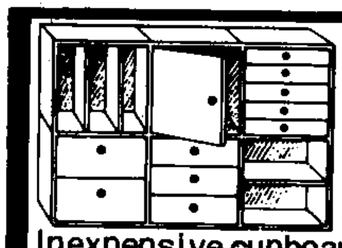

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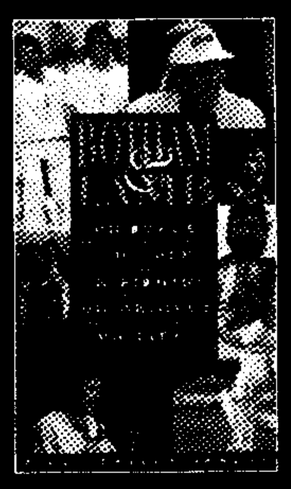

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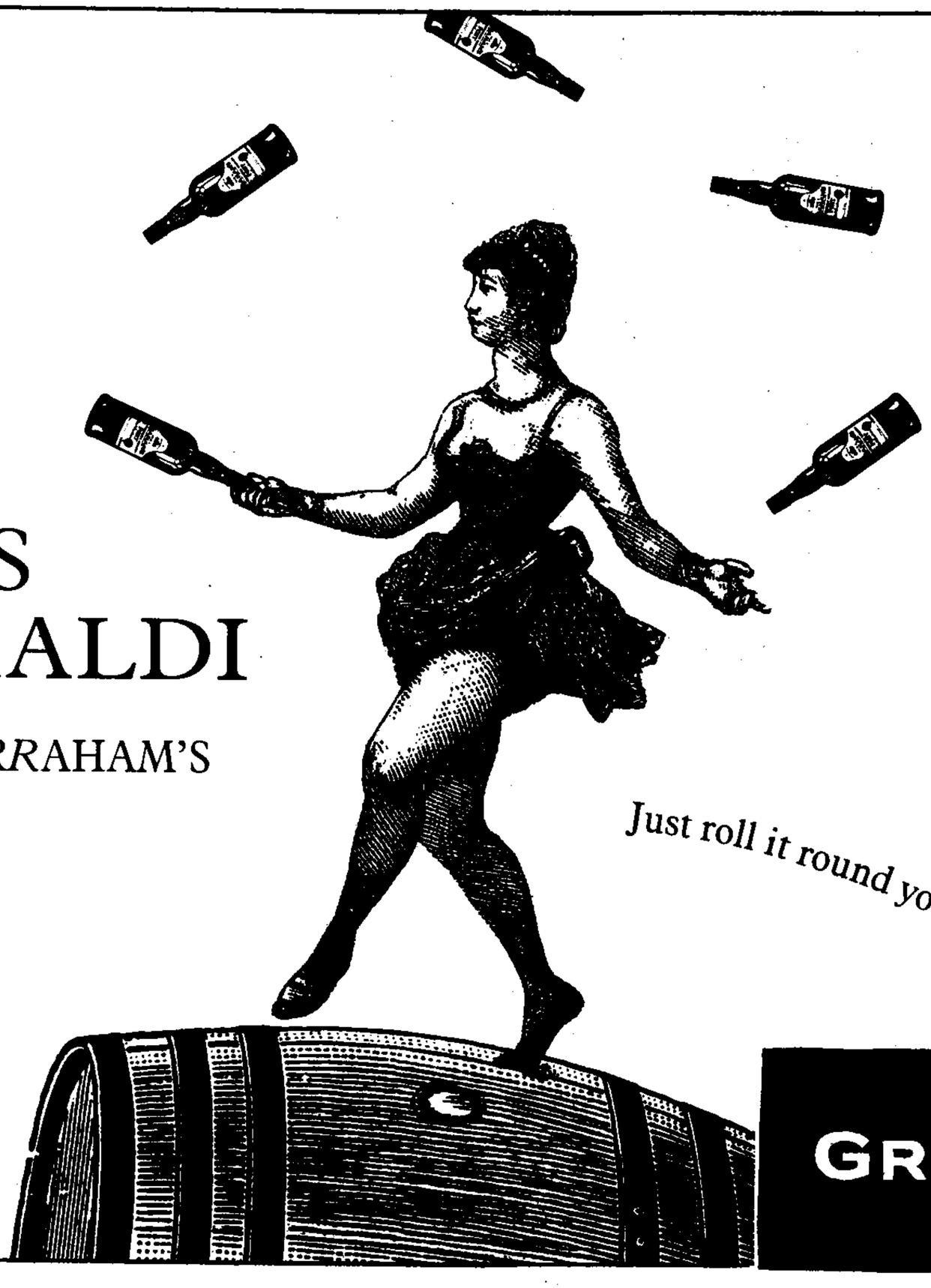

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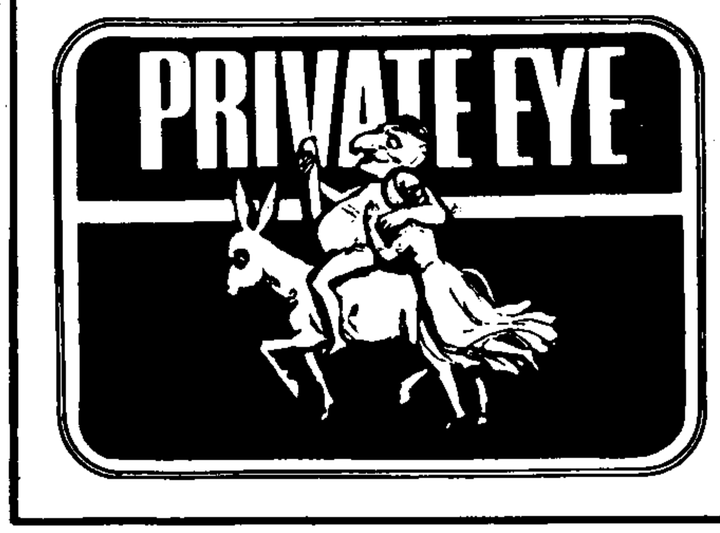


# COLOUR SECTION

**THE rains have come at last, so have all the water companies worries washed away? Er, no.**

More tankers are being recruited every day by Yorkshire Water, at £600 a shift, to carry water between Leeds and Bradford to keep the city supplied.

Some Bradford consumers may recall the time before privatisation when there were three other reservoirs in Bradford and they did job the tankers do now — ie providing local people with water. After privatisation the three were filled in by the new company, which sold off the land and increased its profits — something Yorkshire Water customers can reflect on when they receive their next tanker-sized bill.

Customers of North West Water, meanwhile, will be heartened to hear that half their average bill has gone to pay for a disastrous technological venture. The company has invested £340 million in a new computerised customer billing system which is running three years late. NWW's expensive "customer service" centre in Warrington, complete with lake, was opened in February by David Hunt, then minister for employment, even though the billing system, the centre's key feature, was still not working.

Despite the general abundance of leaky pipes, water companies insist they are spending more on infrastructure now than in pre-privatisation days. Not according to the National Council of Building Material Producers: its report, for members' eyes only, reveals that spending on infrastructure has been on a "smooth path of decline" since 1993, but that it must increase in 1996 if basic infrastructure is to be maintained.

Meanwhile the Institute of Civil Engineers has accused water bosses of ignoring their members' advice. The institute's chairman Brian Rofe revealed that reservoir schemes in Kent, Sussex and East Anglia had been postponed because the water companies decided a drought could only be a one in 50-year event.

---

**AS Tory MPs jump ship from unwinnable seats by standing down as candidates for the next election, some senior party figures can't even be bothered to attend the party's annual conference.**

The most notable absentee will be John MacGregor, the MP and former cabinet minister. Instead of supporting Major in his hour of need, MacGregor will be on a very important trip to Washington DC for a World Bank meeting on behalf of his main paymaster, the merchant bank Hill Samuel.

MacGregor is a director and joint chairman on a "part-time basis" of Hill Samuel, and when he has time he is also the MP for South Norfolk.

Recently the busy MP has also found time to whinge about the media. "They are appalling," he fulminated. "They will write about anything to do with sleaze. They won't publish the kind of stories we offer them. It's a disgrace." No indeed: too often the dreadful papers print disloyal stories — like the one last year about how the transport department awarded the lucrative contract for advising British Rail on the Channel Tunnel rail link to Hill Samuel. And how the merchant bank was hired to advise the Vendor Unit, the ludicrously-named agency which is selling off British Rail's assets. And how the secretary of state for transport at the time of these commissions was the selfless John MacGregor...

---

**THE conscience money the National Grid is offering customers has aroused the scorn of the opposition — £50 off one year's electricity bill, £3.5 billion to shareholders and directors.**

But it would not have been possible if Labour had stuck to the policy it had in the 1992 election of promising to renationalise the grid. It was dropped after the election because Labour was afraid the government would use it to frighten the voters. If Labour had stuck to it, the grid would have been unsellable.

But this is a trifle compared with the real scandal of the grid: its refusal to bury its overhead cables and remove the pylons which are an eyesore across hundreds of miles of countryside. The grid always moans that it cannot afford the extra cost. So it has 7,000 kilometres of power lines overhead and only 600 kms underground — where they are invisible and guarantee a continuous power supply when the overhead lines are brought down by the wind and snow.

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**WHICH private sector body has the government chosen to give careers advice to school leavers? Step forward Grand Metropolitan Trust.**

Gillian Shephard's education department is putting the careers service out to tender in four London boroughs and has granted the trust "preferred bidder status" in preference to the local education authorities who do not, she says, offer value for money.

Does this mean school-leavers in Lewisham, Southwark, Lambeth and Greenwich will be encouraged to work for the trust's famous sister company, BurgerKing, the wholly owned Grand Metropolitan subsidiary that pays some youngsters a whole £1 a day.

PS: Careers services are supposed to be impartial in negotiating with local employers and, where they feel necessary, push for higher pay for jobseekers.

PPS: Grand Met's chairman Lord Allen Sheppard, who will no doubt vouch for his company, sits on the Tory party's board of management and is a huge party fundraiser.

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- ***Death on the Rock*** ..... ***11***
- ***The Battle of Hastings*** ..... ***6***
- ***Hallo! to Princess Di*** ..... ***7***
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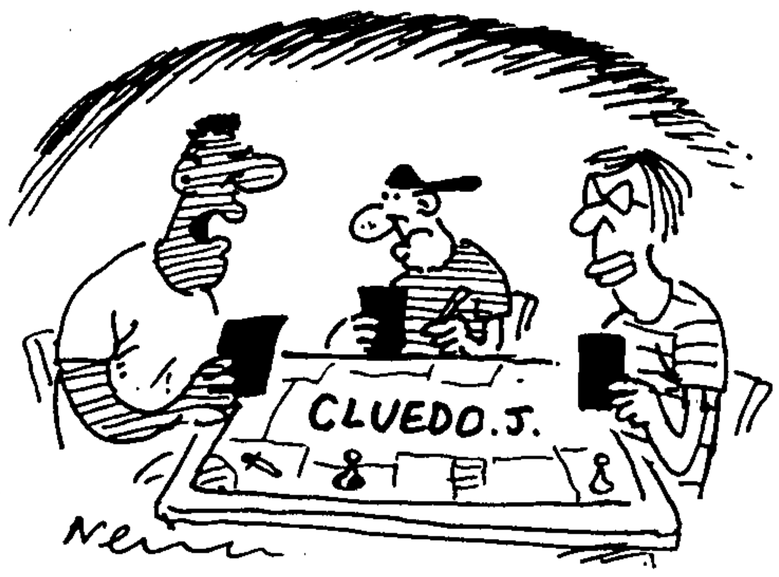



*"It wasn't Mr Black, with anything, anywhere"*

# Street of Shame

**AT the *Daily Mirror*, as they nervously await the arrival of new editor Piers Morgan, legendary deputy editor Brendon "Chucky" Parsons sweats like a condemned man.**

Meanwhile the great people's organ has produced a promising challenger to Chucky's insanity: chubby reporter Scott "Barking" Brough, chiefly famous for having offered, when at *Today*, not only to park the car of boss Amanda Platell but to wash and valet it too.

Recently when an army of hacks were besieging Brian MacKinnon, the 32-year-old Scots "schoolboy" Brandon Lee, all shoved notes through his letter-box offering to buy his story. Brough's Uriah Heap prose was unmatched: "Dear Brandon, Your unprecedented and unusually spirited and original approach to life has caught the imagination of generations who dream of a return to past vistas of dreams and aspirations unfulfilled or missed.

"There is little actual concrete condemnation of your amazing life-experiment. Yet there is enormous appetite to learn of the empirical results you have discovered by effectively living a life over twice."

As a back-up, "Barking" also offered "five-figure sums."

**WHEN it comes to covering the complex issues of Hong Kong, few newspapers are as fortunate as the *Financial Times*.**

Its editorial on the colony's last democratic election, published on 19 September, was written by staff pontificator Edward Mortimer -- who just happened to have spent the previous few days as a house-guest at the official residence of governor Chris Patten.

After being wined and dined by them over the election weekend, he settled down to write his leader: "The election result in Hong Kong," it began, "vindicates Governor Chris Patten..."

**FANS of the *Daily Mail*'s personal finance section will have been touched to read about nine-year-old James Blair (no relation), who is saving a big nest egg with the help of his mother Mary.**

He has already saved £8,000 with a fascinating unit trust run by Fidelity Direct, the US fund manager. The article featured a loving family portrait of the Blairs, and Mary was quoted saying the fund "is good for regular savers because you get more units when prices are low".

Oddly the *Mail* failed to mention that Mary Blair is executive director of public relations... at Fidelity. (And if readers were tempted by the fund they didn't have to look far for the phone number: a few inches from the smiling photo was a large advert for Fidelity Direct.)

**HACKS at the *Independent* were shocked to hear that their science writer Steve Connor, the most vociferous critic of the *Sunday Times*'s stance on Aids, was moving to the Murdoch rag.**

Connor told the *UKPG* that his stance would not be changed by the move. But then an article by him on the latest HIV research, which was scathing of ex-*ST* editor Andrew Neill and of hack Neville Hodgkinson's coverage of the topic, appeared in the *Indie* with mysterious subbing alterations. When the piece appeared there was no mention of Andrew Neill. Surely the ethical Connor had not started sucking up to the *Sunset Times* already?

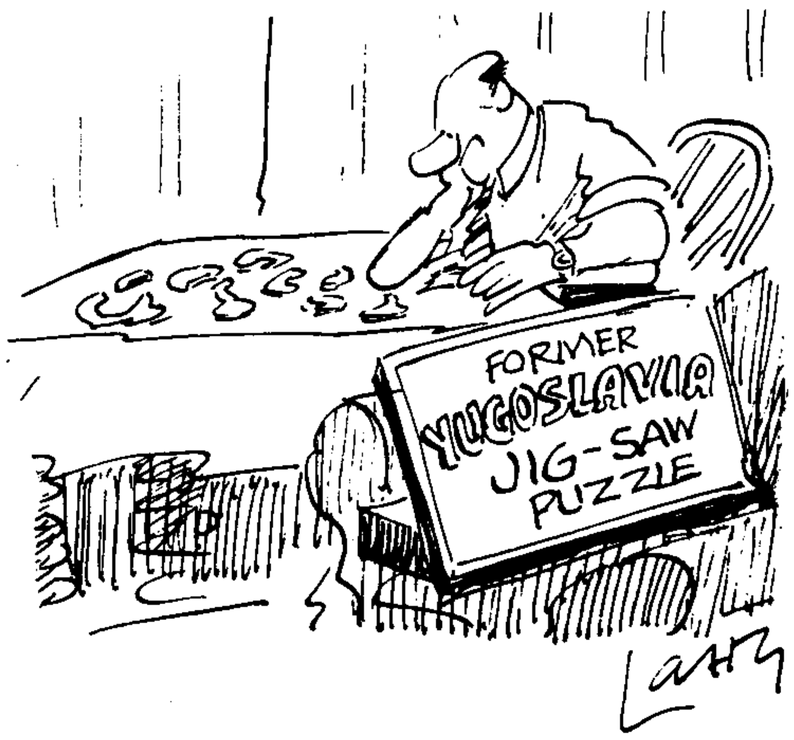
An investigation revealed that Michael Williams, executive news editor at the *Indie*, was responsible for removing Neill's name. This was simply because Neill was irrelevant to the *Utterlydependent*'s story. It had nothing to do with Williams's previous tenure as news editor of the *Sunset Times* at the time Neill was breaking the Aids story.

**WHEN *Daily Torygraph* Peterbore editor Quentin Letts announced that he was leaving, lowly diary hand Henry Dimbleby declared: "If I am not given the job, I shall quit."**

Despite being the son of David, nephew of Jonathan and grandson of Sir Richard, the callow Dimbleperson unaccountably failed to land the job, which went to the *Indy*'s media corr Rhys Williams.

When challenged on his ultimatum, young Henry muttered grandly: "I consider it my duty to stay on for a while and see the new man in."

Spoken like a true Dimblebore!




**THERE are rumblings of discontent among contributors to the *Sunday Times Magazine*, where Robin "Moron" Morgan is presiding over a relentless plunge downmarket.**

He has been doing his best to get as much sex as possible into the *Magazine* and, where possible, on to the front cover. The first such cover was a lurid picture of a blood-spattered stiletto-heeled shoe lying in a wet street to illustrate an article about whether there is a new Ripper preying on prostitutes.

Then a holiday issue which had a dog on the cover pulling down the bikini pants of a blonde. Inside were articles about Julie Burchill's first holiday abroad (to the Maldives with her lesbian lover Charlotte Raven) and a feature about the Caribbean resort for swingers, Hedonism II.

However, this is as nothing compared to the peculiar requests he has been making to writers. Russell Miller, fiftysomething veteran contributor, was asked if he would go on a dream date with Pamela Anderson (*Sunday Times* editor John Witherow is an avid "breast" man), while Carol Sarler was asked if she would be photographed on the cover spanking Paula Yates. When she declined, "Moron" gingerly invited her to choose another spankee.

The Daily Telegraph

# The Battle of Hastings

**WHEN Max "Hitler" Hastings's resignation was announced last Friday afternoon, *Telegraph* chairman Conrad Black put out a statement paying tribute to Hastings's "particularly distinguished service".**

Earlier that day, however, his language was rather fruitier. "You traitor!" he screamed, on learning that Max had signed up as editor of the London *Evening Standard*. "How dare my good friend Vere Rothermere do this! You've betrayed me! You're as bad as Andrew Knight!"

Hastings is well used to Black's tirades. The dementedly right-wing proprietor has often rung him — sometimes in the middle of the night — to discuss the politics of the *Telegraph*. Worse still, Max has also had to endure continual harangues and "suggestions" from Conrad's poisonous wife Barbara Amiel, who is taking a close interest in her husband's business these days: last week she was appointed editorial director of Black's newspapers in North America, and she will shortly become editorial director of the *Jerusalem Post* as well. She recently proposed that the *Telegraph* should buy a £24 million Gulfstream jet, sparing her the indignity of having to mingle with other passengers while she flies about the globe exhorting editors to be more right-wing.

To placate Black and Amiel, a year ago Hastings accepted a proposal from his deputy, Veronica Wadley, that he should recruit Simon Heffer to take charge of the paper's political coverage. The idea was that Heffer — an unreconstructed Thatcherite and a great friend of Black — could be groomed as Hastings's eventual successor, thereby keeping the proprietor happy.

By this summer, however, it had become painfully apparent Heffer wasn't up to the job. He might know a lot about politics, but he couldn't raise any interest in the other areas of the paper — fashion spreads, interviews with Liz Hurley, etc etc — which have supposedly done so much to pull in younger readers in the past couple of years. A new heir apparent had to be found. The obvious candidate, Veronica Wadley herself, was utterly unacceptable to Black — because, as he explained to Hastings, "she doesn't support John Redwood and Michael Portillo".

And so, four weeks ago, Black came up with another brainwave — to bring in *Spectator* editor Dominic Lawson. True, he had no experience running a daily newspaper; but since Hastings wasn't planning to leave until after the next general election, the boy would have plenty of time to learn. Hastings agreed.

But Lawson, whose self-importance has swelled almost as alarmingly as his girth in recent months, had other ideas. He said he was only prepared to join the *Telegraph* as *the* deputy editor, thereby affectively demoting Veronica Wadley to number three on the paper.

On Monday last week, Hastings asked Wadley if she would accept demotion. On Tuesday, he got his answer: she would rather leave than serve under Lawson. Hastings was horrified. That evening, brooding miserably on his plight, he bumped into Sir David English, chairman of Associated Newspapers. "Why don't you come and edit the *Evening Standard*?" English suggested.

On Wednesday, Hastings told Black that Wadley was threatening to leave — "and if she goes, I go."

By Thursday, Black was beginning to panic. He reassured Hastings that he wouldn't bring Lawson in as deputy editor after all — and, as a further inducement, offered him a £100,000 pay-rise. Hastings, who had been due to have lunch with Lawson that day, cancelled the engagement and went off to see his chiropodist instead. While having his feet tweaked and massaged, he reached a decision: that night he signed a contract with the *Evening Standard*. Hence Black's volcanic eruption the following morning.

Black's fury is understandable. Thanks to his hamfisted interference he has lost a successful editor who will be hard to replace. And he may lose more than that. If the *Daily Telegraph* circulation falls below one million, the share price will plummet — and, with it, the value of Black's own shares. Since these are currently used as collateral against debt, he could be left stranded up Canary Wharf without a paddle.

Neither of the two internal candidates — fogies Dominic Lawson and Charles Moore — is likely to appeal to the marketing men at the *Hellograph*.

There is one obvious external candidate — Paul Dacre of the *Daily Mail*, who has plenty of experience in the mid-market which the *Telegraph* covets and is every bit as right-wing as Black. But any salary offered to Dacre would probably be matched by Associated Newspapers. Besides, at the *Mail* he is used to having lavish budgets for promotion, serialisations and so forth — which would certainly not be available at the cash-strapped *Telegraph*.

As the *Eye* went to press, Black and his advisers were still cudgelling their brains to think of a way out of their self-imposed crisis. They will need to get a move on: whatever happens, and whatever his contract stipulates, Max Hastings says he won't stay beyond the end of next week.

**IT'S the most exciting publishing innovation since Caxton's press:** *Dumpster's*!

Sir Nigel Pratt-Dumpster will be the figurehead of a *Hello!*-clone fanzine, to be launched next February aimed at "ABC1 women in their thirties". Imaginatively entitled *Dempster's*, it will carry the finest investigative fashion puffs, hard-hitting celebrity drivel and fearless PR handouts from the very rich — in other words, it will be exactly like Nigel's pitiful *Daily Mail* column, but in colour.

This follows the collapse of Dumpster's flaccid US mag, *Royal Dempster*. Now the great moralist will be paid £20,000 a month to put his name to *Pratt's*!

**PETER Preston, editor-in-chief of the** *Grauniad* **and the** *Absurder*, **has a reputation as a man of probity.**

So it surprised *Absurder* hacks when he asked for a German-speaker to translate a letter for him — and the letter turned out to be addressed to the *Absurder*'s former proprietor, "Tiny" Rowland.

Instead of forwarding it to Tiny, Preston decided to open it, anxious to see if the contents yielded a story.

## ART NEWS

**THE National Gallery wants to buy seven paintings — two by Seurat, five by Cezanne — for £100 million. Some of the money, it is hoped, will come from the National Lottery. What could be more agreeable?**

On closer inspection, however, the deal looks slightly less attractive. The pictures are already in the gallery, on loan from the Swiss dealer Heinz Berrgruen. When he loaned them, in 1991, it was heavily hinted in the art world that he would eventually bequeath them to the gallery. But since then the lottery money has started cascading in — and he has decided he'd like some of it for himself.

Collectors love paintings to have glittering provenances. Berrgruen's pictures, by being exhibited at the National Gallery, have probably raised their value by 25 per cent. Could the money be better spent? It could, for example, come to the rescue of several university museums — Manchester, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Royal Holloway College London — which have recently been forced to start flogging their treasures to make ends meet. Some art lovers believe that lottery loot ought to be used to protect the large university collections rather than buying a tiny number of extremely costly paintings.

This argument is unlikely to impress Lord Rothschild, chairman of the trustees of the national heritage fund, who has the biggest say in spending lottery dosh on works of art. By an interesting coincidence, he was chairman of the National Gallery trustees when the Berrgruen loan was originally made. He gave money to the gallery to redecorate a room, and his name was inscribed in huge letters round the frieze as a benefactor.

Although Rothschild will doubtless claim that the gallery is getting a bargain, his colleagues on the national heritage fund might care to consider the following facts. The largest sum ever fetched at auction for a Cezanne is £11 million; for a Seurat, it is £1,074,000 — and both these prices were achieved before the great art market crash of 1990. Do the maths.

*"Things are'nt easy with Harry on the road most of the time!"*

## HALLO! THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

HALLO! **AUBERON Waugh to a close friend describing his first visit to see the Princess of Wales in Kensington Palace: "I took a condom — on the off-chance."**

HALLO! **TO THE** *Café Royal*, **for the Princess of Wales'** *Literary Review* **debut, where the dazzled** *literati* **all agree: Diana, playing the long game, has brilliantly outplayed hapless Julia Carling, estranged wife of England's rugby captain.**

**Eighteen months ago at the Chelsea Harbour Club, Diana remarked to her elegant lady friend on an adjoining exercise bike: "Never get involved with a married man, it's hell."Then, moments later and equally vehemently, she added: "I'll stop that wedding!"**

**Well, it's taken the princess just over a year to bust up the Carlings' wedding. Mrs Carling fought back valiantly, publicly announcing that Will would not be seeing Diana again. But Diana's** *coup de grace* **was masterly: setting up the very stupid Will to be caught** *twice* **breaking his promise.**

**Who tipped off the press? Diana, of course, was far too busy mixing with London's literary elite. But now friends of the** *Literary Review***'s unworldly editor, Auberon Waugh, are concerned for his moral welfare. The saintly Bron fits the Di profile perfectly: handsome, married... and a fitness freak.**

HALLO! *OTHER journalists are probably safe. In my little group at the Café Royal the man most desperate to meet the princess was dear old Alan Rusbridger. When Bron came over with Her Royal Highness, he told her that Alan was, of course, the editor of the Guardian. Di paused and then smiled sweetly. "That's not one I read," she pronounced.*

HALLO! TO Brighton for the exciting "New" Labour beano where, as always, Ken Livingstone kisses me gallantly on both cheeks. But what is this? Just like dishy Peter Mandelson, the party's doctor of spin, Ken has shaved off his debonair moustache!

However, as the party says "Farewell, Village People" and "Hallo, Butch New World", some things will never change — such as Ken's reputation as a red-blooded shagger (*Shurely "traditional socialist of the old school"? Ed*).

Why, it seems it was only yesterday that Joanna Sheldon, GMTV's glamorous presenter, was, as a lowly newspaper hackette, trying to interview the loony lefty and being chased round the table. So playful was Ken, indeed, bashful Jo had to bite him!

HALLO! CAMELOT, philanthropic organizers of the National Lottery, have come up with a brilliant answer to those wretched critics who carp that it's all a disgusting exhibition of greed and a total waste of billions.

Camelot sends me an elegant invitation to join the directors at Lord Northumberland's magnificent Thames-side stately home, Syon House, to celebrate their first anniversary of making a huge amount of money.

We will certainly carouse in style: black-tie dinner, dancing and lavish entertainment, then carriages to take us all home. Another good cause!

HALLO! *TO the launch party for M Fish, Wapping's* trendissimo *new restaurant in St Katherine's Dock, where self-important chef Anton Mossiman has created a clever, innovative dish called, wittily, fish and chips.*

*Such excitement. Rival restaurateur Sir Terence Conran gatecrashes, hot foot from his own downmarket caff, Mezzo. It's all so working class, darling. And as I chat with the two Christophers, Eubank and Biggins, a red-haired "celebrity cockney", Lorraine Chase, weaves unsteadily by and pinches M Fish's architect, preposterously named Slack, on the bottom.*

*Just the sort of behaviour one expects in a fish and chip shop!*

HALLO! THE Marquesa has never understood the brouhaha surrounding Tony Blair's decision to send his son Euan to the exclusive Oratory School in London.

Now, browsing through "New" Labour's new members' list — *fascinating!* — I see that Father Ignatius Harrison, the school's superior and chairman of governors, has joined the party. Praise be to God!

Like all good socialists Father Ignatius recently resolved that the school's cleaning staff should be paid £4 an hour each. Sadly Mr Blair can't afford £4 for the rest of Britain's low paid — but then the rest of Britain hasn't opted out of local authority control like the Oratory!

HALLO! **WHAT has happened to that enchanting and refined creature the Countess Sokolow, better known as Lady Buck, and better known still as bonking Bienvenida?**

**The Marquesa turns for guidance to one of Bienvenida's closest confidants. "Oh, she's doing brilliantly," he tells me. "She's earning about £5,000 a night, mostly from rich Arabs."**

**And what, exactly, is the nature of her business? Here my informant comes over all coy. But, as Mark Thatcher and Jonathan Aitken have discovered before her, there is certainly money to be made in the Middle East! I imagine that, like them, she is probably engaged in some sort of "consultancy work".**

HALLO! ENCOUNTERING our suave and debonair prime minister, I ask if he and the lovely Norma enjoyed their recent holiday in France. "Not inconsiderably," he quips. But, he adds, he was quite amazed to discover how expensive things are in France these days. "I had no idea."

How gratifying to learn that Mr Major was the one person in England who didn't know that the pound had plummeted against the franc. He clearly has more important things to do than keep up with such trifling matters as exchange rates!

***'The Marquesa'***

**FIRST to get his mouth to the mike for Britain over the Gibraltar affair was corpulent Birkenhead solicitor Barry "Bunter" Porter, Tory MP for Wirral South.**

Porter is always ready with appropriate adjectives ("preposterous" is one of his favourites) for foreign institutions like the European court of human rights. Unfortunately he couldn't make it to another court — Liverpool high court — in August when executive agency Porter Cooke was wound up by customs to whom it owes large sums in taxes.

The *Observer* reported on 17 September that the Inland Revenue is also keen to try to get back some of the unpaid taxes from the agency. "Bunter", put on the board "for contacts", left the board in May, a month after the petition to wind up the agency was issued, and then insisted he didn't even know about it.

**TONY BLAIR's great victories at Brighton may soon be put to the test.**

In the short parliamentary session at the end of October, the Commons is due to debate the defence estimates. Forty Labour MPs have put down an amendment "in line with party policy" — ie the policy of scrapping Trident and not spending more on defence than the average country in Europe.

Blair isn't in line with party policy on this at all, so instead of blocking MPs who don't support party policy he might now have to withdraw the whip from those who do.

**GORDON BROWN's planned £3 billion windfall tax on electricity and water companies was greeted with ritualistic cries of shock and horror by the politically-minded. But not everywhere.**

"Misguided and damaging," cried the *Financial Times* leader. But turn to the *FT*'s Lex column, which is treated as a biblical text by City speculators and investors, and the reaction is rather different.

"The tax is pitched about £1 billion lower than the market had already factored for both sectors," said the columnist. "The companies could arguably cope with a tax of up to £5 billion before dividend prospects are materially affected."

On the news pages meanwhile the headlines were: "City breathes a sigh of relief... Analysts' surprise that £3 billion tax-take sum was not higher." Where money talks, as the Lex column anticipated, after a brief panic the shares rose the next day.

**CHEMICAL giant Allied Colloids boasts that it has been chosen by the pollution inspectorate (HMIP) as the first UK partner to work on its so-called "three Es" initiative — emissions, efficiencies and economies.**

The firm has plenty of experience in emissions. In 1993 it was fined £100,000 plus £60,000 costs after a huge chemicals blaze at its Bradford plant. It promised to tighten up procedures, but earlier this year eight workers from the same factory were hospitalised after a leak of dangerous chemicals.

Allied Colloids, which has just been fined £15,000 plus £2,000 costs after again admitting breaching health and safety regulations, refuses to discuss health and safety issues with any trade union as unions are not recognised at the plant. Perhaps the pollution police will think again about who it is seen in public with.

*'Backbiter'*

## LEGAL NEWS

**IT HAS been a long fretful summer for David Cocks QC, who has been subjected to much criticism arising from the Commons treasury and civil service select committee investigation into his handling of the 1993 Roger Levitt fraud case.**

As a result of the initial publicity — in which an MP described him as a "pathological liar" — Cocks was obliged to stand down from hearing cases as a recorder at the Old Bailey.

Subsequently, as a result of a complaint to the professional conduct committee (PCC) of the Bar council by John Marshall QC (over Cocks's misleading of the parliamentary legal officers about the nature of crown involvement in reaching a plea-bargain), Cocks was called in by Robin Holmes, the judicial appointments secretary in the lord chancellor's department, and told that he should no longer sit as a crown court recorder in Exeter and Truro until the complaint has been heard.

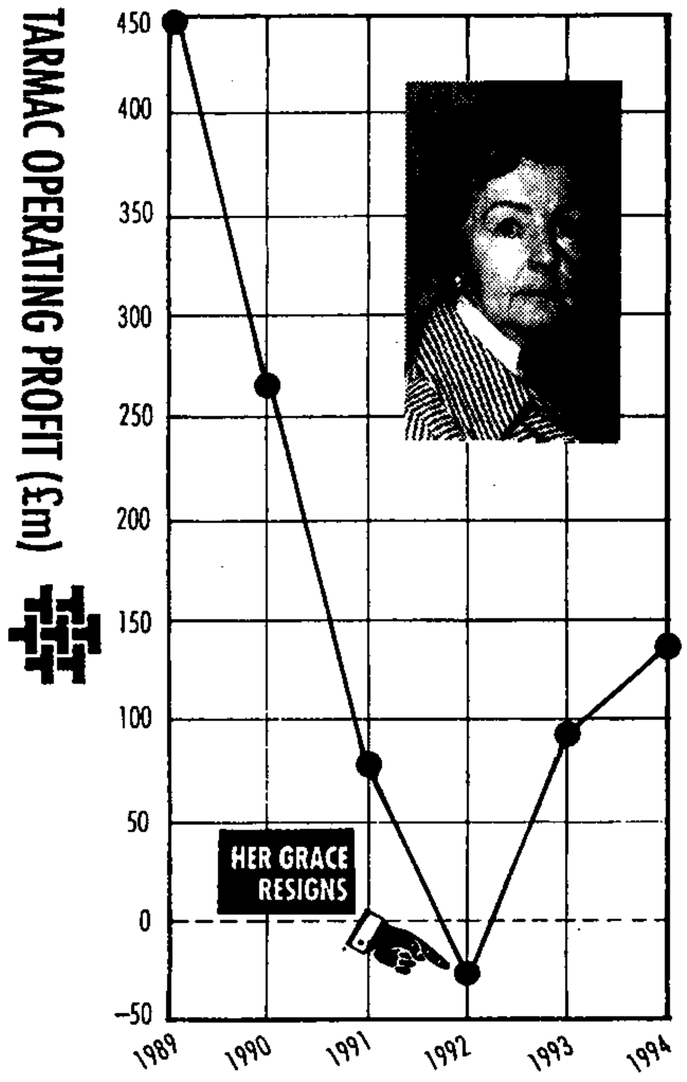
Mike Yuille, a reporter for *The Lawyer Magazine*, was tipped off about the decision and rang Cocks for a comment. Cocks claimed to know nothing about it and said he would call Yuille back. Ten minutes later he did so, saying he had spoken to a high-level contact in the lord chancellor's department and that there was no question of his not being able to sit as a recorder. Furthermore he threatened to sue if the story ran.

Yuille contacted the lord chancellor's press office who confirmed the story and offered the official statement that its judicial appointments department "is considering whether David Cocks should sit as a recorder". Cocks later rang Yuille back and gave him a quote which reeked of nobility: "If a complaint is made against me, however ill-conceived or unfounded it is, I would not sit until it is satisfactorily resolved."

A slight change of tune, m'lud.

**British Management Part 27.**

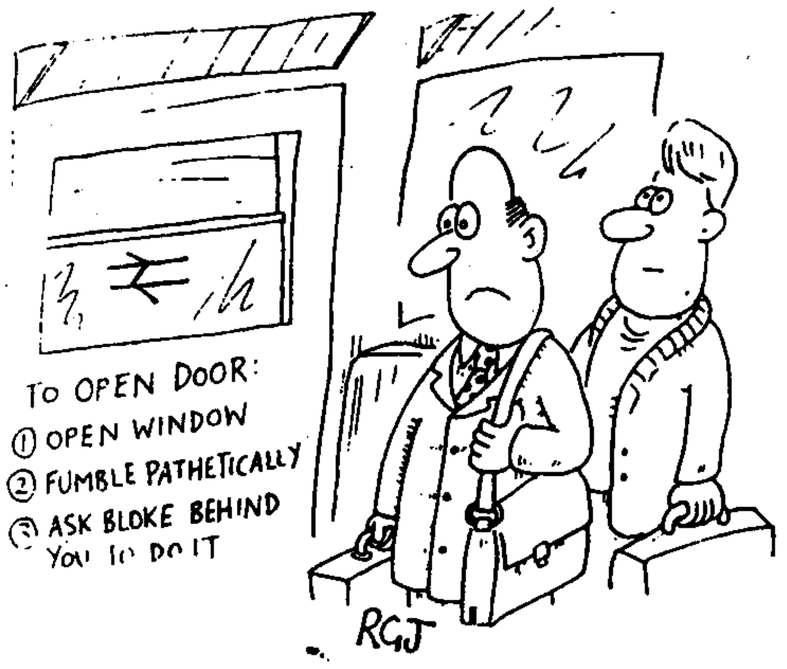
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. Châtelaine, gardener, diarist, Director Tarmac plc until 1992.



BIRTSPEAK has been extended to cover Management Drivel in *all* spheres (not just the BBC). *£10 paid for examples.*

**Primary objective/s of the job:** To support special need learners across both curricular and social situations seeking and negotiating overall progressive routes for student destinations.

*— Job description at Chichester College of Arts, Science and Technology (submitted by someone called Alan whose surname is illegible).*




## SIGNAL FAILURES

**RAILTRACK is looking for a scapegoat after the crash at Wood Street, near Chingford, last month, but big procedural problems are indicated by the multiple errors involved.**

- No signal engineer was sent with the civil engineers who replaced a rail at Wood Street even though the rail was connected to the track circuit mechanism (the device which detects the presence of trains and automatically sets signals to danger). Therefore the site was left with track circuits indicating the track was occupied until the signal engineers arrived.
- A banner repeater (advance warning) signal was showing a different colour from the main signal, so a driver stopped her train and phoned the signalman.
- The track circuits were wrongly wired so when the train was on the track the device worked in reverse indicating there was no train on the track. This caused the signal behind to show a yellow light.
- Yet another fault was later discovered in the signal behind. By sheer luck this had caused the signal to show yellow instead of green, and the train which crashed into the back of the first one was preparing to stop — rather than travelling at 50mph. This, coupled with the modern design of the rolling stock, meant the crash was nowhere near as severe as the Clapham Junction accident that killed 35 people in 1988.

The causes of the recent crash are *exactly* the same as those at Clapham, however; and it happened a month after Railtrack director Gil Howarth pooh-poohed a leaked memo saying Railtrack's safety procedures were so lax another Clapham disaster was likely to happen.

BRIS, a separate organisation that was contracted by Railtrack to do the work, has suspended "the individuals concerned". But the let-out of human error, which conveniently absolved the rail companies after the Cowden crash last year, should not get Railtrack off the hook because the multiple errors indicate faults at a much higher level than the gangers at the trackside.

**THE errors that riddle the latest rail timetable book have implications for safety.**

The timetable is produced from Railtrack's database, which is also used to calculate when trains are due for maintenance after running certain distances. If the database is unreliable many trains could be running further than they should without proper maintenance.

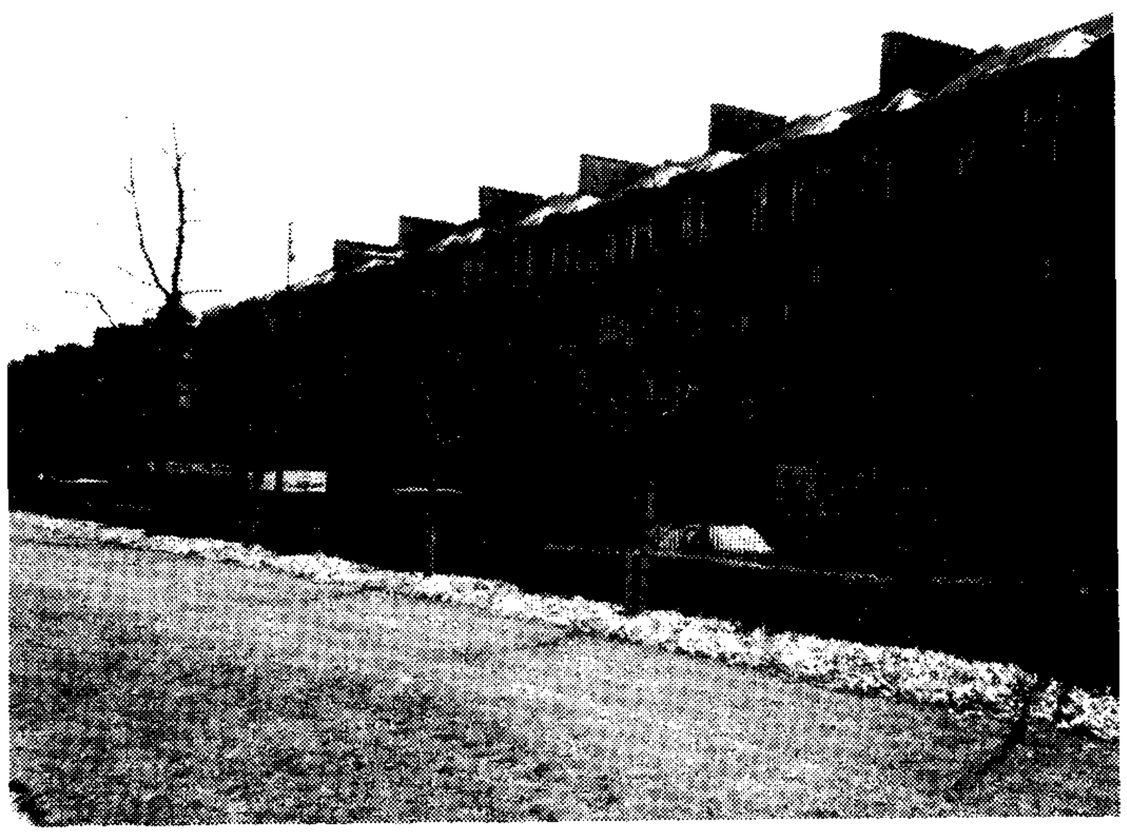
At the same time the periods between examinations and repairs have been extended in parts of the system to save money. Poor maintenance, possibly related to either of these factors, could have led to the Maidenhead train fire on 8 September and a very similar incident at Siddick, Cumbria.

**EUROPEAN transport commissioner Neil Kinnock encountered Railtrack's new while-you-wait maintenance regime (*Eye* 881) when attending a conference on the Crewe to Holyhead line one weekday last month. Kinnock and other officials were to sample the train service's problems by travelling from Crewe to Chester by rail — but Railtrack suddenly closed the line to carry out routine maintenance on a bridge. Kinnock and entourage went by car while regular travellers endured several days' disruption.**

*'Dr B. Ching'*

# NOOKS and CORNERS

*"Unless the city wakes up to a sense of its own greatness, Glasgow is headed for disaster. There seems no break in the bland self-confident surface that doesn't care and doesn't want to care. This is true philistinism, and when they have a mind to the Lowland Scots can do it better than anyone else..."*



**WHAT was that dear old boozer and acute critic, the late Ian Nairn, in 1967 when Glasgow was busy wiping itself out. Well, things have changed, haven't they?**

Everyone now regrets the wholesale demolition of fine stone tenements that could and should have been rehabilitated. Glasgow has now cleaned itself up; it was European "city of culture" in 1990 and is to be the "city of architecture and design" in 1999. The socially disastrous high-rise housing of the 1960s is coming down and being replaced by decent new tenements in areas like the Gorbals. Odd, then, to find that the last surviving old tenements in the Gorbals are now threatened with demolition — by the city of Glasgow.

These are in Oatlands: long ranges of red sandstone Edwardian tenements containing 715 dwellings possibly designed by Honeyman Keppie & Mackintosh, possibly not. No matter: they are fine things, with regular projecting bays rising above groundfloor shops lining Rutherglen Road in a proper urban manner. This is proper Glasgow tenement architecture of a sort which is now cherished elsewhere. As they overlook Richmond Park, they could be magnificent places to live; and if they were in smart areas of the city they would have been refurbished years ago. But as they are on the edge of the Gorbals, the city's caring housing department has used them as a dumping ground for "problem" tenants. Now it wants to solve the problem by bulldozing the lot and create yet another derelict site like the one next door.

"Our aim is to enable everyone to participate in creating high-quality architecture and design. Encouraging them to understand, appreciate and demand excellence. Ensuring they are empowered to take part in debate and decision-taking. As Arts 2000 City of Architecture and Design, we will begin to achieve that aim."

So began Glasgow's bid to the Arts Council. All very well, except that such high ideals apparently do not apply in the poor old Gorbals where the housing department declines to consult long-suffering local people and the planning department is unable to attend public meetings about the future of these good and precious buildings.

All of which suggests nothing has really changed and that what Glasgow's politicians are still happiest doing is demolishing things.

***IN Newcastle-upon-Tyne some of the best 19th century terraces are next to Leazes Park, the city's oldest public park. This land is theoretically inalienable, but it is being whittled away round the edge by such things as Newcastle United football club's St James Park stadium built on land leased from the city.***

***Now the football club and its dynamic chairman Sir John Hall — the "developer" who gave the MetroCentre in Gateshead to the world — wants to build an ice rink "with associated car parking" on the south-west edge of Leazes Park.***

***The city of Newcastle admits this is a major development which goes contrary to the city centre local plan and which affects the character of the Leazes conservation area. The trouble is that football is worshipped in Newcastle while Hall, for some reason, is regarded as a public benefactor. And the city has already given permission for Hall and NUFC to build on the Woolsington Hall estate in the green belt near Newcastle Airport. So will the successors to T. Dan Smith dare to do their duty and protect Leazes Park? Probably not.***

I MUST, however, praise the London borough of Lambeth for standing up to the Japs and taking enforcement action over unauthorised works in a listed building: the County Hall. For never forget that the government which is happy to flog the Greenwich Hospital to anyone with the dosh is merely following the precedent set by Mrs Thatcher who malevolently sold the home of London's government – paid for by Londoners – to a Japanese developer.

Inside the magnificent Edwardian block which is the original County Hall is a memorial commemorating employees of the London County Council who lost their lives in two world wars. Notoriously Messrs Shiriyama, owners of the building, were disinclined to allow the British Legion to have access to this war memorial on VJ Day. But there is more. In the works to the building being supervised by the horrible architects Renton Howard Wood Levine, the supplementary plaque bearing the names of the dead of the Second World War has been illegally removed. Yet the original Great War memorial has been left. Why? Could it be that the Japs were on our side in the First World War but, er, not in the Second?

*'Piloti'*

# Pseuds Corner

**A NEW preoccupation with mortality pervades these pictures, making the excremental references seem in the end far less outrageous than at the outset. Instead of using turds merely as an attention-seeking device, the artists insist that they are themselves equally disposable. In *Eight Shits* they openly equate themselves with the stools ranged around them. They almost appear trapped by these oppressive forms.**

**This show can be ranked among Gilbert & George's most impressive. Its elegiac undertow suggests that, for all their delight in flouting taboos, they have now arrived at a tragic vision of the world.**

**The Times**

DAVE STEWART: I remember the last time we met you were saying that the first piece of art you ever do — as a baby even — is...

GEORGE: ...to form the shit. In fact, it's the only sculpture that exists naturally in the world; it's modelled in that way... It's people's first adventure in form, and it's one that everybody in the world understands, whether they are rich or poor, come from the desert or a city, or are three years old or 70. It's a great unifying theme.

**GQ**

*It was the sight of a dog's turd on a pavement that first aroused in Bacon the sense of the immanence of mortality that is so crucial in his work.*

**DAVID SYLVESTER**
**Guardian**

*No previous artist has been so ubiquitous in his work. Sometimes they appear as observers of the main action, sometimes in leading parts, where they perform in all sorts of histrionic ways. Normally their faces face us, but in one of the works in the "The Naked Shit Pictures" we are confronted in a picture called "Bum Holes" by back views of two undressed men, a short one who is kneeling and a tall one bending over. As George told Dave Stewart: "One man naked is a male study; more than one, well... that's quite serious — two men naked are more naked than one."*

**DAVID SYLVESTER**
**Guardian**

*The faeces they present us with are perfectly formed compact units. Blown up, they look like rocks and are put to excellent use by G and G for the construction of totem poles, crosses and the like. Employed thus as building material, human excrement becomes as sociable as cowdung. And as sacred as Hindu lingams.*

**DAVID SYLVESTER**
**Guardian**

The real theme of these works is not shit and shitting but a subject that this evokes. A man is never so little the master of his fate as when he is defecating. Again, the clearest expression of being possessed by some kind of fear is to be afflicted with excessive or insufficient movement of the bowels. So excretion and excreta are deeply associated with human vulnerability, and it is vulnerability that is the central subject of these pictures.

**DAVID SYLVESTER**
**Guardian**

David Sylvester is one of the world's leading art critics.

**Guardian**

Contributors: B. Coultas, N. Mossey, R. Abram, M. McAuslan, M. Freeman, D. Hughes, M. Hendy.

**£10 paid for entries**

# TV EYE

**Omnibus (BBC1)**

**Stephen King Special (Sky One)**

**The Making Of The X-Files (Sky One)**

**Jancis Robinson's Wine Course (BBC2)**

**Rick Stein's Taste Of The Sea (BBC2)**

**POOR old Melvyn Bragg. Now there, perhaps, is a surprising beginning for a piece. But really you have to feel sorry for the great son of Cumbria.**

For years Barg has been mocked for providing free plugs for writers and stars on *The South Bank Show*. He's getting a bit chippy about it now, and introduced his recent interview with Clint Eastwood, screened in the very week that *The Bridges of Madison County* was released, with a little aside about "of course, he's got a film out," but still, well, you know, the opportunity to speak to a legend.

But don't worry about it, mate. The word on the street is that people may have been picking on the wrong dashing-English-novelist-stroke-media-mo gul all the time. Over at BBC1, at Nigel Williams's *Omnibus* they're stacking up plugs like an electrical warehouse.

Having previously distinguished itself by showing a film about *Sunset Boulevard* which had been made by Andrew Lloyd-Webber's own production company, *Omnibus* last week screened the most lavish and slavish free commercial ever given to a single book in the history of arts television. Peter Ackroyd's "film about Blake" for the *SBS* recently was in essence a puff for Ackroyd's new bio of the mad poet; but at least it limited close-up of the dustjacket and made some kind of pretence at objective analysis.

The *Omnibus* — about the writing and marketing of Robert Harris's new novel *Enigma* — was simply a book publicist's wet-dream: concentrating for 60 minutes on the plot, title and dustjacket of this one volume. That the programme was itself a central element in the marketing of the book — "BBC1 *Omnibus* to coincide with publication", crowed Hutchinson's trade sales material — seemed not to bother it at all.

The television critics didn't seem to bother much either, perhaps partly because the amiable Harris is probably the most clubbable and well-loved journalist since Arthur Marshall, and hacks famously look after their own, whether they are found dead of a heroin overdose or the subject of a shameful plug. One even commented, without apparent irony, that the film had "certainly made me want to buy the book".

To be fair the BBC does have qualms about being seen to be a supine tool of the arts PR trade. A recent memo warned that product-linked arts films should ideally be shown some time after publication or opening. The documentary was duly shown three weeks after the launch of *Enigma*. The problem with this approach is that it is actually the publicist's ultimate wet-dream: a huge second wave of publicity just after the initial blast has died away.

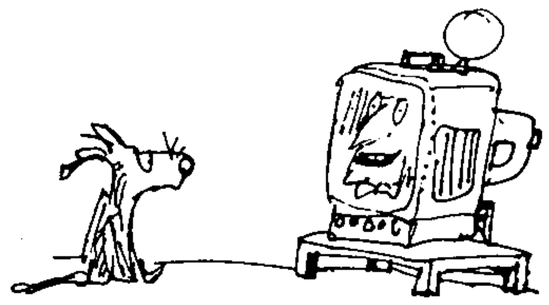
It's not just books and theatre tickets, though, that the supposedly non-commercial BBC is willing to help sell. There's already been a justified fuss about the appearance of a Sainsbury's promotional leaflet for wine, which its author Jancis Robinson promises "offers a range of wines specifically chosen to be tasted alongside my new series, *Jancis Robinson's Wine Course* (8.30pm, Fridays, BBC2, 15 Sept to 17 Nov) — interactive viewing at its most appetising and educational!"

The BBC, chary at the possible interaction between the series and Sainsbury's tills, has blamed the independent production company for this deal and claimed it would never have countenanced it. But in fact the problem of cross-promotion in food programming is far more complex. The BBC seems happy, for example, to tolerate *Rick Stein's Taste Of The Sea*, the new BBC2 series in which the titular chef is seen each week in the kitchens of his own restaurant. Indeed, last week's edition ended with him archly saying he had to stop because his restaurant was about to open, at which point the camera pulled back to show the sous-chefs at work. This is surely different in kind from the Keith Floyd shows which, though the host owned a restaurant, featured him in neutral locations. Which is a bigger sin of commercialism? Jancis Robinson tangentially promoting a famous supermarket? Or Rick Stein openly promoting his own little-known restaurant?

Neither *Omnibus* nor the BBC's food and drink shows, though, have yet reached the pits of Sky One. Half its programmes now seem to be promotional puffs for its own programmes. Following *The Making Of The X-Files*, a shameless trailer for one of the classier imports, came a *Stephen King Special*, a desperate concoction of an old Frank Delaney chat with the horror writer, and bits from the "electronic press kit" (ie, free PR hand-out) for the most recent King-derived movie, *Dolores Claiborne*.

There was also a long interview with the director of a mini-series of King's *The Stand*, one of the channel's trashier imports, which was due to be screened immediately following this "special". Next time Hutchinson's publicists should try Sky One. Not only would they get a documentary about the making of the book. They might get a film about the making of the documentary as well.

*'Square Eyes'*



## MEDIA NEWS

**TONY BLAIR's camp of media bigwigs and PR experts were keen to create a stunning speech for their leader at the Brighton party conference.**

Careful preparation and attention to detail are, of course, the keys to success; so why, four days before the speech, was Alastair Campbell, Blair's chief PR adviser, still to be found frantically telephoning chums in the comedy world asking them to think up gags for Blair's speech?

Amazingly enough, the army of New Labour propagandists had not been able to think up enough jokes about the Tory policies.

**THE new schedule of Mirror Group's pisspoor TV station Live TV includes an interesting slot called "Late Night Live — live and dangerous for adults only".**

This is a long euphemism for the soft porn slot much promoted by Kelvin MacKenzie, ex-*Sun* editor and new boss of the crap cable channel.

Kelvin natually has loads of ideas for this part of the schedule, and in a recent meeting aired a few of them to the horror of assembled TV folk. *Call My Muff*, a semi-naked quiz show, was one great MacKenzie idea; *Topless Darts* or *One hundred and Weighty* were other brainwaves from the king of tabloid.

His ideas were greeted with shrieks of laughter until someone realised he could be serious. But he should care: Kelvin has already made his derision for the overpaid "fat cunts" of TV journalism clear to everyone.

## I-BSkyB

SATELLITE broadcaster BSkyB is taking on 200 extra staff to cope with the huge demand for new dishes from sports fans.... The telly company has been snowed under with orders... Installers are already working round the clock....

A Sky spokesman said yesterday: "The demand is unprecedented. Customers can't wait to get tuned in."

*ISABELLE MURRAY*
*City Editor, The Sun*

*CONTRIBUTOR: E. Strobes*

*An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid*

THE CONFERENCES
IF ANY PARTY...
WAS GENUINELY CONCERNED ABOUT STANDARDS IN BROADCASTING...
THEN THEY WOULDN'T ALLOW US ON ALL DAY!
KenPyne

**BEARDY Garry Bushell, the *Sun*'s yobbish TV critic, has long called for the return of the traditional stand-up comic reared in working men's clubs while loudly deriding the supposedly "brainy" Footlights-style comedian.**

So when the *Sun* celebrated its Page Three 25th anniversary with a bucks fizz bash at Stringfellows it was the perfect chance to launch a new comic talent.

Downstairs was packed for the presentation of Page Three lovely of the year when the new act took to the stage to tell some gags. Most of the crowd was too busy baying for blondes to notice the hairy vision on the stage. Sadly his dreary jokes sailed over the audience's heads unrecognised. And who was this sinking new talent? Mensa's own King of Comedy, Garry Bushell.

**BIRTISM continues to cast a surreal shadow over the BBC, where each department is now a business unit hell bent on profit.**

Recently this resulted in the premises management department at BBC Elstree charging *EastEnders* £1,600 a year for every trolley of stored scenery parked in the covered roadways at the studios.

There is plenty of space at Elstree and the Albert Square crew was in the habit of storing the less frequently used sets — but not any more. Under Birt it is apparently now cheaper for such scenery to be junked and rebuilt again from scratch. So much for the licencepayer and, er, planetary resources.

Producer Choice also continues to have daft consequences: namely BBC technicians on £20,000 to £55,000 a year who have been sitting at home on full pay while producers employ "cheaper" freelancers from outside the corporation.

Some staff only worked 50 days between 1 January and 31 December 1994, and many worked less than 100. In some areas up to 50 percent of workers are said to be at home — in spite of redundancies of 40 percent in some departments.

Take the film department — or TFS in new business-speak — which has announced a further wave of redundancies among cameramen and recordists which will leave a core of 17 crews, down from 64 in 1989. Working conditions for those not sitting at home are so bad the majority of the crews left will probably volunteer for redundancy. And those who do not will be those who could not make a living as a freelance because they're not good enough. *Brilliant!*

**CHARLES DENTON, the BBC's head of drama, is in a lather of excitement at the impending arrival of Dr Georgina Born, a London University academic who has been commissioned to undertake an "anthropologically based study" of his department.**

"I have invited her to sit in on any meeting in which I am involved, with free access to any and all paperwork," he announces in a memo to his staff. "I am fascinated by the potential of dealing with Drama as a unique tribe within the Corporation."

He adds that "she could also help us keep some sense of perspective in the horrors ahead." Whatever can he mean?

# Hackwatch: Rock Bottom Revisited

**IN FEBRUARY 1989 the *Eye* published *Rock Bottom*, a pamphlet about the SAS shooting the previous March of three IRA bombers in Gibraltar. Its main conclusions were:**

**1.** That the terrorists' plan to set off a bomb in Gibraltar on 8 March had been well known to intelligence officers in Britain and in Spain, who closely followed the three from Malaga to Gibraltar and never once lost sight of them.

**2.** That Det Chief Inspector Joseph Ullger, head of Gibraltar special branch, had admitted at the inquest that the terrorists had been allowed on to the Rock without hindrance, though the authorities knew what they looked like, what passport aliases they were travelling under and what car they were driving.

**3.** That the failure to stop and arrest the terrorists before they got to Gibraltar was crucial to the entire operation. Either the authorities knew there was a bomb in the car and that the terrorists could detonate it, in which case they were putting a substantial section of the Gibraltar population at risk; or they thought or knew there was no bomb in the car (as there wasn't) in which case there was no danger of a bomb being detonated.

**4.** That the only realistic conclusion from these facts was that the terrorists had been deliberately allowed into Gibraltar so they could be killed by the SAS — and that this was unacceptable lynch law.

**5.** That the lynching had been covered up by the British government, especially at the Gibraltar inquest.

**6.** That the government was supported to the full in its cover-up by its agents in the press, notably the *Sun* and the *Sunday Times*, which waged an hysterical campaign against one of the few attempts in the British media properly to report what went on in Gibraltar: Thames TV's *Death on the Rock*.

The majority verdict of the European court of human rights goes along with points one, two and three. The court refused to accept point four, the "execution plot" theory, but could provide no other reason the terrorists were not arrested at the border.

One reason for the court's failure to explain such an inexplicable lapse by the authorities was lack of information. Pre-planning by British intelligence about what it would do to the terrorists once they arrived at Gibraltar was specifically barred form the inquest by a flow of our old friends, "public interest immunity certificates" (gagging orders). The judges did not demand a lifting of the gagging orders, even if they were empowered to do so. Accordingly, without the necessary intelligence information, they were reluctant to jump to the "trap" conclusion reached by the *Eye*.

The European court of human rights was set up after the war, among others by Winston Churchill, as a "bulwark against fascism". A majority verdict finding the British government guilty of breaching article two — the right to life —, might be expected to be greeted in Britain by a moment of humility, even apology. Instead the air has been thick with the delicious noise of law 'n' order fanatics denouncing the due process of law and order.

The *Sun* launched into a vitriolic attack on the court (urging its readers to ring in and abuse any court official they could find who spoke English, which some of them did in racist language embarrassing even to the *Sun* editors).

The judges who voted with the majority were denounced one by one. In Lithuania, for instance, the *Sun* shrieked on 28 September, "three people had been sentenced to death for murder" (no doubt the *Sun* forgot its many angry campaigns for the return of capital punishment in Britain). Greece was savaged for imprisoning Jehovah's witnesses. In Luxembourg "five prisoners were held in solitary confinement over the legally allowed limit" and in Spain "prisoners were beaten with truncheons". Civil liberties campaigners in Britain can look forward to future *Sun* campaigns against the imprisonment without trial of hundreds of people seeking asylum to Britain or the new "head-opener" truncheons so eagerly wielded by the British police.

Why had the judges done such a terrible thing? Alan Clark in the *Mail* opined: "We have never been forgiven for leaving the ERM." But Peter Hitchens, political correspondent of the *Daily Express*, had discovered the real reason. "Could it be," he asked, "partly because these judges are infected by the sort of 'correctness' which has spread into the governing class from the campus revolutionaries of the sixties"? (including even perhaps the vigorously correct York organiser for the International Socialists in the mid-1970s — a certain P. Hitchens).

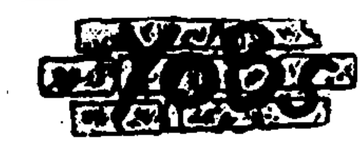
But no one could touch the master. Andrew Neill filled his column in the *Daily Mail* (26 Sept) with a hymn of hate against the judges, and followed this up with an almost identical piece in the *Sunday Times* (29 Sept). Once again Neill singled out the Thames programme *Death on the Rock* for special abuse, especially for its use of witnesses. Among matters not mentioned in either article were

**1.** The huge sums in libel damages paid out by the *Sunday Times* for the hysterical abuse of honest witnesses to the programme. (Neill faces yet another action from Carmen Proetta for shooting his mouth off recently in the Irish media).

**2.** The payment by the *Sunday Times* of £2,000 to a convicted drugs smuggler for "information" to smear one of the Gibraltar witnesses. (The information never materialised and the prisoner hopped it with his loot to the Costa del Sol).

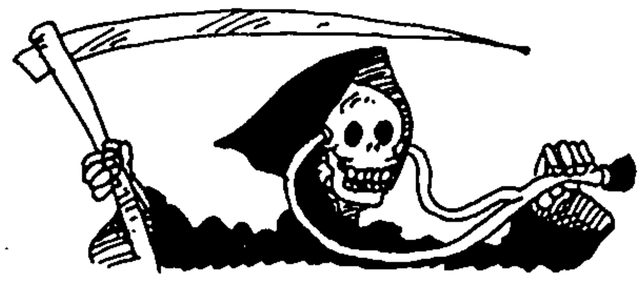
**3.** The denunciation of Neill and his Insight editor by at least three *Sunday Times* journalists who complained that their reports and assessments on the ground were twisted to feed the paper's vendetta against Thames TV.

**4.** The fact that the award-winning *Death on the Rock* was subjected to one of the most thorough independent investigations in the history of the British media — and commended and cleared of all the serious charges. The investigation was headed by Lord Windlesham, a former Tory minister.



HUSBAND

Do you think there's too much violence on television?
RESEARCH GROUP
Yes, definitely
RESEARCH GROUP
It should be on the streets where it belongs!



# DOING THE ROUNDS

**THE government's justification for closing most of London's hospitals and desecrating our national heritage to boot was that the money saved would be ploughed back into general practice.**

The snappily titled "London initiative zone primary care development programme" began in 1992 to deflect some of the flack from Sir Bernard Tomlinson, but an independent report commissioned by **North Thames regional health authority** has discovered that it has been hit by "disastrous" delays and is submerged in red tape.

North Thames alone has failed to spend a third of the £50 million allocated to primary care in 1994-95 following last year's £4.9 million underspend by **Kensington, Westminster and Chelsea FHSA**. As chief executive John James put it: "There has been some slippage..."

A sensible use of the money might be to reopen the hospital beds that should never have been closed. Only 18 percent of the hospitals in the two Thames regions currently meet the patients' charter standard of two hours wait for a bed, with "overnight on a trolley" still a common scenario. Despite government claims that the nation's health is improving, there has been a 40 percent rise in emergency admissions over three years in some hospitals. As Philip Hunt, director of the **National Association of Health Authorities and Trusts**, put it: "This is threatening the long term stability of the NHS. It is creating intolerable pressures and impossible situations..."

● "I WAS in a no win situation," said Geoff Jennings, chairman of **Haverings hospitals NHS trust**, in an attempt to justify why he had chosen nearby **BUPA Hanswood hospital** for his operation.

"As chairman of a fairly large organisation it is not always appropriate that such a personal matter should be handled by staff who I come into contact with regularly as a result of my work." Strange then he chose one of his own trust's surgeons and anaesthetists to carry out his operation privately.

● MANAGERS at **London's St George's hospital** are continuing to win over staff by reducing their discount in the "already shitty" canteen from 33 percent to 10 percent, to complement the increased car parking charges (*Eyes passim*). The profit-making laundry service has been sold off and chief executive Andrew "Dildo" Dillon has allegedly been awarded another bonus.

● **WILTSHIRE and Bath health commission**, formed by the merger of the district and family health services authorities, has announced a "forecast out-turn deficit" of £7.6 million. Overall, **South and West regional health authority** is in the soup to the tune of £19.2 million.

● **BURNLEY healthcare trust** has revealed the extent of the hush money forked out to ex-chief executive Maggie Aikman after the unfair dismissal last year of consultant James Mahady, who was later reinstated. Maggie, who had unfairly sacked him, received a £245,000 leaving present plus £4,000 in telephone and car benefits, £3,000 in pension contributions and a cash bonus of £8,000. Another £17,000 went on legal bills and an internal inquiry cost £7,000.

● THE **United Bristol hospitals trust** has closed a 32-bed oncology ward due to a lack of nurses, and

*"The fund-holding Dr Livingstone, I presume"*

**Ninewells hospital trust** in **Dundee** "cannot cope" with the increasing number of cancer and kidney patients without more resources.

● MANAGERS at **Wirral hospitals trust** in **Merseyside** warn that they "may soon be turning away emergencies" because social services have insufficient funds to pay for the transfer of elderly patients to nursing and residential homes.

The lack of acute beds may force a temporary closure of the casualty department, with patients diverted through the Mersey tunnel to the already busy **Royal Liverpool university hospital**. Last month **Medway hospital** in **Gillingham, Kent,** was forced into a similar closure. And the flu epidemic hasnt even started yet...

## THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

● **SALFORD health authority** is being sued by a woman who was admitted to **Salford royal hospital** in 1994 for a knee operation and had a tooth removed without her consent.

● "DESTRUCTIVE market rivalry" between the **St James** and **University hospitals** in **Leeds** is draining resources and worsening training and service delivery according to an independent report commissioned by the Leeds review group.

● THE number of health service managers is still on the up, with 15 percent more being added by the end of 1994. Nurses and midwives are down 4 percent.

● **DERBYSHIRE ambulance trust** has decided to rent out advertising space on the side of its 999 vehicles. Cigarette and alcohol manufacturers need not apply.

*M.D.*

# DOWN ON THE FARM

**THERE is one area where action by officials could make a big impact: the growing toll of ill-health caused by organophosphorous (OP) sheep dips** (*Eyes passim*).

An unprecedented 200 or so victims gathered recently in Tiverton to air their views and swap experiences about the damage these chemicals have caused.

To anyone listening to the tales of the victims there could have been no doubt that OP poisoning has caused a great deal of distress and represents a serious rural problem. But while Ken Tyler of the Liberal Democrats was there to hear the many tales of woe, the one person the gathering would most have liked to see was Angela Browning, the erstwhile junior minister for the Maffia and local Tory MP. Although invited, she could not find the time to come and nor could she make anyone else from her ministry available.

Happily Browning had found time earlier for a photo opportunity at a local carnival where she allowed a stall-holder to paint her face in heavy, garish colours. Spotted by local papers, she made the headlines under the caption "cover-up".

BROWNING is probably more concerned with her forthcoming plans to close down the next tranche of slaughterhouses. On top of the 200 or so already closed by her ministry's ludicrous interpretation of an EC "hygiene" directive, another 80 or so are expected to close by the end of the year.

These are units which had been temporarily exempted from the full structural requirements to give them time to complete "necessary" works. But so extreme have been the Maffia requirements many have been unable to afford to comply with them.

Nevertheless by next year — with all slaughterhouses supposedly complying with EC "hygiene" standards — consumers can rest assured that the surviving rump of the meat industry will be poised to enter the brave new world of EC sanitised excellence. And if anyone has any doubt as to what a tremendous contribution the EC standards will make, they have only to ask the South Africans. Officials there are trying to work out what to do with 500 tonnes of chickens supplied by a fully EC-approved French slaughterhouse but found unfit for human consumption on arrival because they had been "incorrectly eviscerated".

Of course they were eviscerated under "veterinary supervision" — the continental system of "hygiene" supervision which we have had to adopt here at the cost of £60-plus per hour to our slaughterhouse owners.

*'New Muckspreader'*

# Old Macdonald

ALBERT

YOU'RE NEVER GETTIN' A GRANT FOR THIS TED? THERE'S BUGGER ALL UP HERE!!
SITE OF SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC INTEREST
OH YES THERE IS GEORGE! ONE OF THE RAREST SPECIES IN WESTERN EUROPE IS FOUND ON THIS VERY SPOT!
.. A HILL FARMER MAKIN' A FEW BOB!

# LUVVIES

*"I'm under stress and at the end of my tether... It's not the crew's fault — we've been working all the hours God sends."*

— A "tired and depressed" Nigel Le Valliant, who plays a doctor in *Dangerfield*, complaining about his tough filming schedule to the *Mail on Sunday* and explaining why he desperately needs a two-month holiday in India

*"Sometimes I would just sit at my kitchen table and weep with sheer fatigue when I got home."*

— Amanda Redman, another actor who plays a *Dangerfield* doctor

***An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.***

THE Rotten Borough Advertiser

# HACKNEY: NOW ON CV-ROMP

**THE Labour council's limp attempts to probe town hall corruption have come unstuck again. Hackney launched two inquiries into allegations that scores of illegal immigrants were working for the council. In the first it ludicrously promised to examine the files and CVs of 11,500 staff members, which the *Eye* calculated would take about 10 years.**

So how's the inquiry progressing? It's been dropped after a random sample of 129 senior managers' CVs revealed that an amazing 125 contained false information such as bogus exam results and qualifications, non-existent referees and fabricated work histories.

The second inquiry was to look into recruitment procedures and was due to be chaired by respected QC Ian MacDonald (*Eyes passim*). No term of reference was ever agreed and it too has been shelved.

Meanwhile Hackney prepares for an appeal by former housing director Bernard Crofton against dismissal. Despite a good record of combating racism and support from such PC luminaries as Ken Livingstone and Linda Bellos, Crofton was sacked for racial harassment after he dared to accuse the personnel department of failing to tackle the illegal immigrants scam. No sooner had he been sacked for making "unfounded" allegations about recruitment fraud than the council announced its two inquiries into, um, recruitment fraud.

# YER PETTICOAT IS SHOWING...

**THE district auditor's report into allegations of corruption in running Petticoat Lane, Tower Hamlets' famous gorblimey street market, will make fascinating reading for those who wonder what life's like under the Liberal Democrats.**

Before losing the council in 1994, the Lib Dems put big efforts into wrecking the market — even though it attracts thousands of visitors to a poor part of east London and turns a profit for the impoverished authority.

Traders were charged £15,000 for portable bins that never appeared; £33,600 was spent on refurbishing swimming baths on Goulston Street that have since been left derelict; and £122,000 went on three mobile lavatories that should have cost £15,000.

Councillors also diverted funds from the market budget to loss-making areas of council activity such as street cleaning. This was illegal as the money was "ring-fenced" for use on the borough's markets. Annual market profits for the council of nearly half a million pounds slumped to a £1.5 million deficit by 1993 — despite no evident loss in customers.

To make up for the losses traders' rents were doubled, which saw stallholders leaving the Lane (37 in the first month) and led to further losses. Since Labour took control of the council the markets have begun breaking even.

So what were the Lib Dems up to? It now turns out they wanted to close down the Lane, dump the stallholders in the covered indoor Spitalfields Market nearby and sell off a prime slice of real estate to developers. It must have seemed a good idea before the property crash, but the councillors apparently had another, more sinister, purpose as well: getting their own back on stallholders who had rumbled Betty Wright, a Liberal councillor who had been trading illegally and, against market rules, was sub-letting her stall.

Wright was secretary of the Petticoat Lane Independent Traders' Association, a group representing *unlicensed* stallholders — not quite the behaviour one expects of a Lib Dem councillor. Her actions were subsequently condemned by QC John Hendy in his official report into the scandal. Also implicated were Wright's Liberal colleagues, Cllrs John Snooks and Jeremy Shaw.

# DON'T CARE IN THE COMMUNITY

**WHEN Labour-controlled Sandwell borough council wanted to find a suitable care in the community home, David Martin, acting director of social services, commissioned Milbury Care Services.**

The company decided on Grove Vale Estate, but a restrictive covenant protected the homes from business usage. So Martin lifted the covenant and building work went ahead. Martin's wife is a manager with Milbury Care Services, although he declared his interest in the firm in a memo to the council.

Residents who asked about the work were told they now had no say in the matter. It was only when they hired a solicitor that certain facts came to light.

Firstly, despite the conversion work Milbury Care Services had not even won the contract to provide the home, and five other companies were still bidding. Nor had the company been granted planning permission. Most seriously, the restrictive covenant had not really been lifted: it could not be without Grove Vale residents giving permission.

Three months after building work began, the council awarded the care in the community contract to Milbury with a proviso that it would not sue if residents enforced the covenant.

## JUNKET OF THE WEEK

**WHILE barmy Bent spent £10,000 sending 19 housing officers to Bournemouth for a quality control training course — five nights in the Anglo Swiss Hotel with heated pool, gymnasium, sauna, solarium, etc, for "role play" games — it was business as usual at the Sudbury estate where tenants were told they could not have a similar sum for new fences to keep out intruders.**

**And at the problematic South Kilburn estate, six 15-storey tower blocks, made in the late 60s to the discredited system-built panel format, continued to fall to bits.**

**Charing Cross hospital, assembled in a similar way, is now covered in fine mesh to stop bits of concrete falling on the street below — but not the concrete-shedding South Kilburn blocks. According to the Building Research Establishment, estates like South Kilburn should be inspected every year by a qualified engineer. No one has been to South Kilburn since the last report was compiled *12* years ago, claim tenants, when fears were expressed that contractors had taken short cuts in fixing the panels by shortening the bolts that held them up.**

**PS: Council rents are to rise by £6 a week.**

## IN BRIEF

**TOWER HAMLETS: After Oxford (£18,000 to send chief executive Andy Brockie to university for a year) poverty-stricken big spender Tower Hamlets is sending social services director Sandra Walmsley to college for two years – on full £60,000 salary. If she wants Walmsley can then retire on a £30,000 pension or join a private sector firm — like scores of former colleagues in housing who now work for property developer Johnson Fry.**

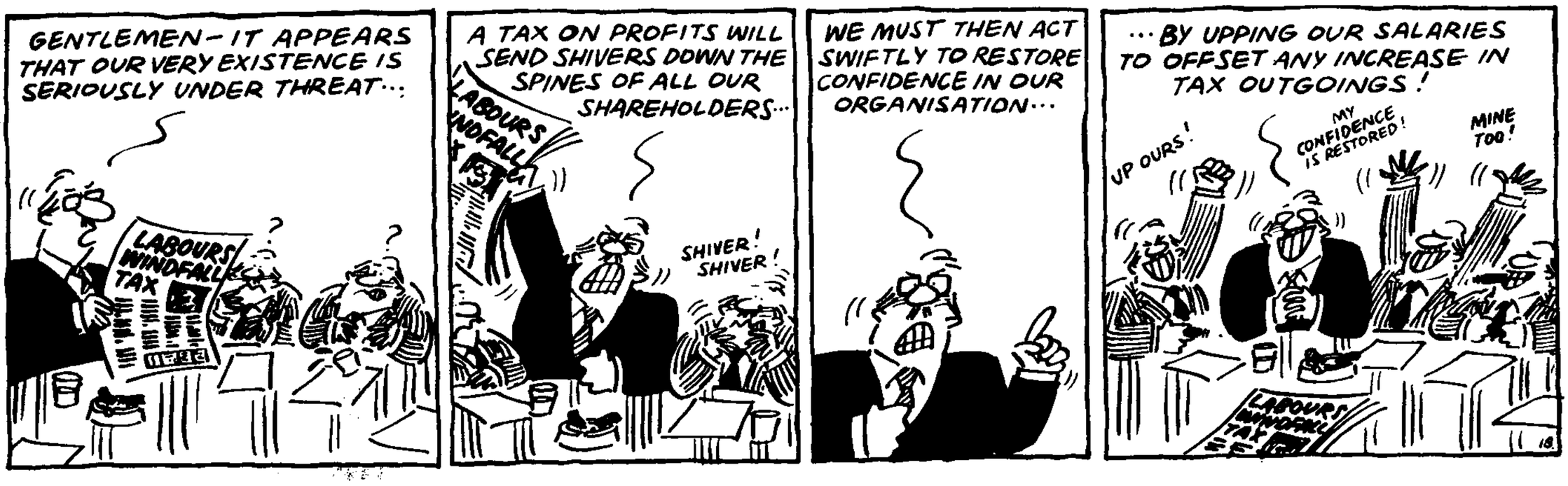
BLAENAU GWENT: Labour councillors in one of the poorest bits of South Wales believe in promoting higher wages. For themselves. They are increasing their expenses by 600 percent to a basic wage of £8,226 a year, plus other expenses next year. This amounts to £86 a day for the poor drudges who sit through meetings (from one hour to four) listening to each other moaning about poverty.

**MURKEYSIDE: With various forms of privatisation taking work from local government, Liverpool ratepayers welcomed the proposal of town clerk Peter Bounds in 1992 to cut the number of top earners employed by the city council. It was expected to cut £250,000 from the wage bill — but cynics said the "restructuring" would cost the public more and, lo and behold, the top 100 earners' salaries have increased by, um, £250,000. The Labour regime says the fat-cat salaries attract the best administrators. Electors, whose houses are flooded because the council hasn't bothered to clean the drains, don't agree.**

SHEPHERDS Bush Housing Association tenants have been alarmed by the unexpected speed and rate of their rent rises — while management group chief executive Hattie Llewellyn Davies has been demanding a new BMW under the terms of her contract. The association's annual report inappropriately boasts about its swish new offices in Chiswick, but it does not mention that Hattie lives with Chris Holmes, head of Shelter, which could look after the Shepherds Bush tenants if they can't cope with their rent rise.

# THE DIRECTORS

DREDGE


GENTLEMEN – IT APPEARS THAT OUR VERY EXISTENCE IS SERIOUSLY UNDER THREAT···
LABOURS WINDFALL TAX
A TAX ON PROFITS WILL SEND SHIVERS DOWN THE SPINES OF ALL OUR SHAREHOLDERS···
SHIVER! SHIVER!
WE MUST THEN ACT SWIFTLY TO RESTORE CONFIDENCE IN OUR ORGANISATION···
···BY UPPING OUR SALARIES TO OFFSET ANY INCREASE IN TAX OUTGOINGS!
UP OURS!
MY CONFIDENCE IS RESTORED!
MINE TOO!

# Letters

Private Eye

## That was no Lady

*Sir,*

*I feel I must jump to the defence of Lady Scott, vilified in* EYE *881 for taking libel action against newspapers who mistook her for the woman accompanying Sir Nicholas on the occasion of the semi-squashed baby incident.*

*After all, newspapers should know better than to jump to the conclusion that a woman out at night with a tired and emotional Tory MP must be his wife!*

*Yours faithfully,*
*SUSAN M. THOMASON,*
*Harpenden, Herts.*

## Main streams

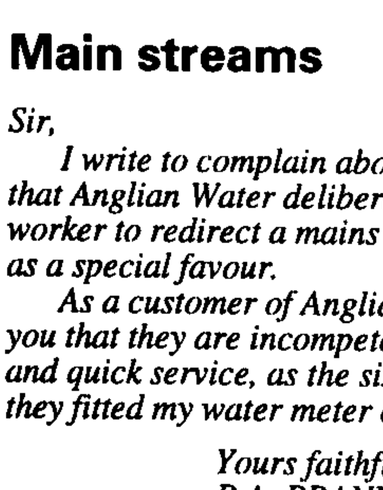
*Sir,*

*I write to complain about the unfair inference that Anglian Water deliberately organised for a worker to redirect a mains supply for John Gummer as a special favour.*

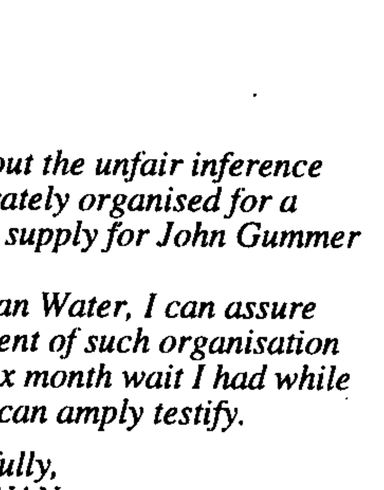
*As a customer of Anglian Water, I can assure you that they are incompetent of such organisation and quick service, as the six month wait I had while they fitted my water meter can amply testify.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*P.A. BRANNAN,*
*Wellingborough, Northants.*

## Lookalike



**Sir Les**



**Ken Follett**

*Sir,*

*Has anyone, I wonder, noticed as I have the close resemblance between Sir Leslie Colin Patterson, no-holds-barred Australian cultural attaché to the Court of St James, and Ken Follett, author and Blairite?*

*Yours faithfully,*
*MADGE ALLSOP,*
*Cardiff.*

## Ad insult

*Sir,*

*You miss an important democratic point in your piece on ex Derbyshire council supremo David Bookbinder (*EYE *881).*

*Derbyshire county council's decision to switch the advertising of teachers' jobs from the* TES *to* THE GUARDIAN *in 1989 was illegal, irrespective of how much or how little it cost.*

*The whole purpose of surcharging is so that council taxpayers do not end up footing the bill for illegal actions by their councillors — and, for that matter, the resulting legal costs.*

*Yet, because it proved impossible for the district auditor to point the finger at anyone, that is precisely what ended up happening in this case.*

*Finally, ex-councillor Bookbinder has never "retired from public life" as you state. Shortly before he resigned as county council leader in 1992, he became executive chairman of a qualgo, the Derbyshire Enterprise Board, a position he still holds.*

*Yours sincerely,*
*PAUL LINFORD,*
*Former Political Correspondent (1989-92), Derby Evening Telegraph.*

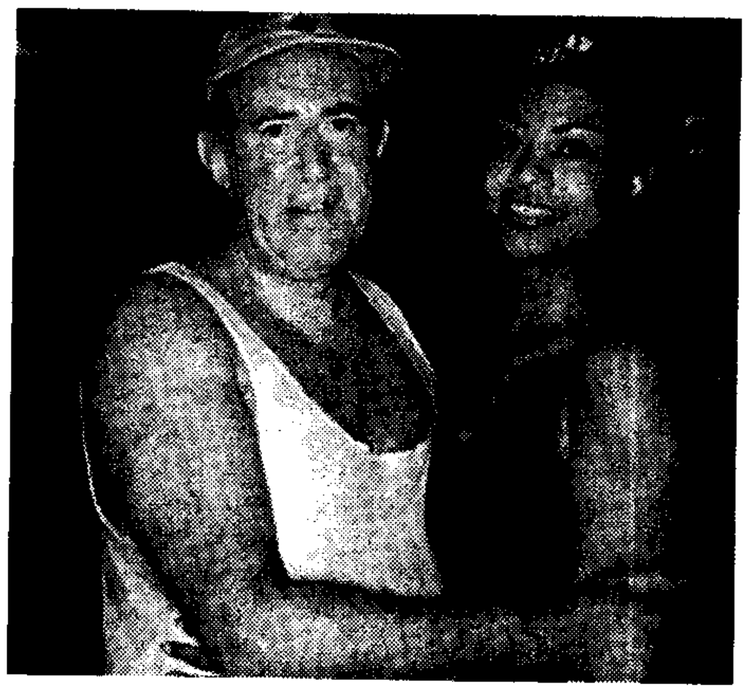
## Cover charge

*Sir,*

*I paid £1 for* PRIVATE EYE *last week because it was the only reading matter in the newsagent's that had a guarantee printed on the front cover: "No Harrison Birtwhistle". I read happily until page 20, but, imagine my shock and horror, there he was.*

*So, kindly send me a cheque for £1 by return. Should you be tempted to throw this in the dustbin I warn you that my wife is a close personal friend of Mr Sue, of the legal partnership that you know well.*

*Yours sincerely,*
*RUPERT MAAS,*
*London SE5.*



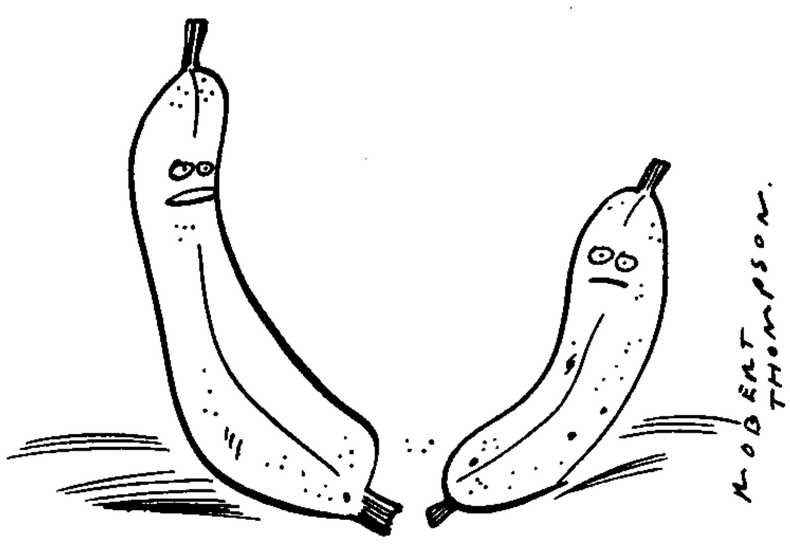
## Carry on Cleo

*Sir,*

*I am currently studying the Shakespeare play* ANTONY & CLEOPATRA *with the Open University and having a little trouble with my latest assignment. I have been set the task of writing an essay which discusses contemporary adaptations of the play and seem to recall that you printed a photograph of one such modern production several weeks ago. The picture showed Antony, resplendent in his battle-dress (white baseball cap, white vest), with the darker-skinned Cleopatra attempting to restrain him.*

*If you could print this photograph again, it would be of great assistance to me.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*JULIE WARREN,*
*Wickford, Essex.*




*"Black, yellow, green... we're all bananas, son"*

## Gale warning

*Sir,*

*My colleague, Jonathan Aitken, the Member of Parliament for Thanet South (not East), a senior (not junior) defence minister, had my fullest support in the decision to transfer the military Search & Rescue Service from RAF Manston to an area of greater military aviation activity in East Anglia.*

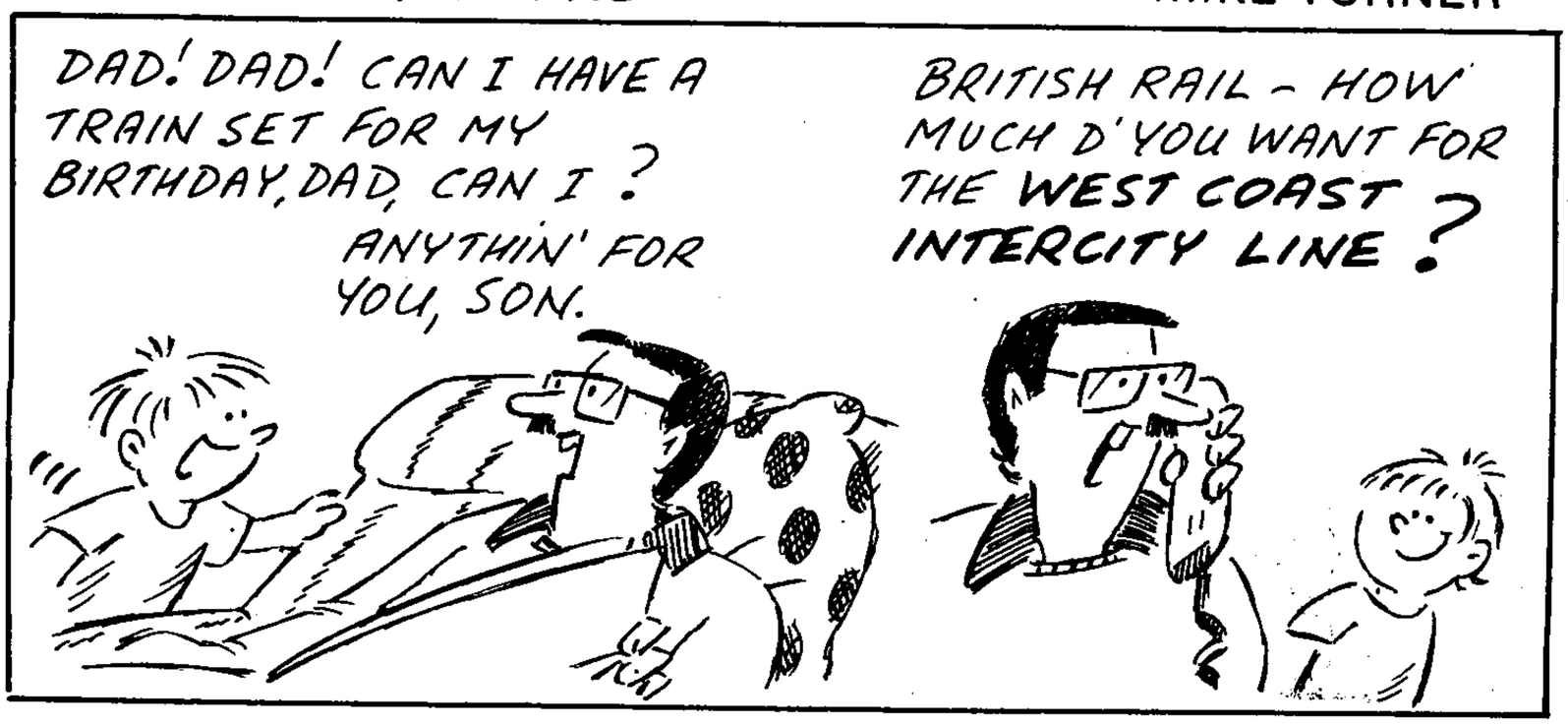
*We have both campaigned — and continue to campaign — for a civilian service (of the kind that the military replaced under the Wilson government) to serve the Straits of Dover and the North Foreland area.*

EYE *editorial hacks might well enjoy being rescued by RAF winchmen in rubber uniforms; we are concerned with the lives and safety of those merchant seamen, windsurfers, children on lilos and others that need and deserve good civilian airborne back-up for what is already an excellent coastguard and lifeboat service.*

*Thank you for drawing further attention to this need!*

*Yours faithfully,*
*ROGER GALE MP,*
*North Thanet.*

THE LOTTERY WINNERS — MIKE TURNER


DAD! DAD! CAN I HAVE A TRAIN SET FOR MY BIRTHDAY, DAD, CAN I ?
ANYTHIN' FOR YOU, SON.
BRITISH RAIL - HOW' MUCH D'YOU WANT FOR THE WEST COAST INTERCITY LINE ?

## Over a barrel

*Sir,*

*HP Sauce is really scraping the bottom of the barrel in making reference to my severance payment from The Rowland Company earlier this year (*EYE *881).*

*When the payment was agreed, neither I nor my former employer knew that I would shortly succeed in becoming Jonathan Aitken's special adviser. When I did, so soon after leaving, we naturally negotiated on the question of a partial refund. What HP Sauce conveniently fails to mention is that both sides agreed that I should keep over 90 percent of the original payment.*

*The fact that I repaid such a minuscule proportion surely speaks for itself.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*JOHN BERCOW,*
*London SW1.*

## I-SPY *Minnesota*

**Submitted by Steve Poswillo.** £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

## Saintly Greavesy

*Sir,*

*Re your recent Street of Shame item (*EYE *880) which referred to "a mysterious* TORYGRAPH *stalwart, calling himself Bill Greaves".*

*I would now like to set down in writing that I did not make that bad-mouthed phone call to which your piece referred, that I have never until today heard of Nigel Burke and that I certainly do not know his telephone number or where he lives. As a freelance feature writer, nearly always working from home, I would not even have been in the* TELEGRAPH *office to make any such call anyway.*

*Unfortunately I have been a frequent contributor to the* TELEGRAPH, *and particularly to the op-ed page where Bob Cowan (also mentioned) works. Although I write as William Greaves, I have always been known as Bill and, in 20-odd years in Fleet Street I have never come across anyone else of the same name. Not surprisingly I have been inundated with phone calls from fellow journalists, all of them marvelling at the remarkable decline in my telephone manners!*

*From my inquiries at the* TELEGRAPH *I have now learned that Nigel Burke spoke later that same day to the man who did leave the abusive message and that he (Burke) fully recognised it as being in jest. At any rate, he then knew that the message had not been left by anyone called Bill Greaves.*

*Yours sincerely,*
*WILLIAM GREAVES,*
*Islington, London.*

**An English** parish magazine makes the following appeal: "Would the congregation please note that the bowl at the back of the church labelled 'For the sick' is for monetary donations only."

*Financial Mail*

## Farmer brown

*Sir,*

*Re Sara Starkey and G.J. Neale (*LETTERS, *881): it is a long time since I have read such complete bollocks about farming.*

*Yes, intensive farming and the associated removal of hedges and trees is an abhorrent method of food production and should be reversed as soon as possible, but perhaps they should get off the motorways and take a few eye-opening forays outside SE1 and NW3.*

*I am a crofter (small part-time farmer) and I grow my own animals and vegetables because I don't like the tasteless pap sold in supermarkets. Far from being "frightened by vegans and vegetarians" I am at a loss to see how they would maintain their food supplies without the millions of tons of shit produced by the overwintering of beasts.*

*This, by the way, is not to hothouse them into artificially stimulated growth but to protect them from the elements and the precious top soil from their hooves. Far from being self-sufficient in food, never mind a net exporter, if we re-forest 80 percent of all current farmland, 95 percent of you will starve.*

*If Sara Starkey or G.J. Neale wish to visit me for a few days I will gladly show them around the local farming community, warts and all. Finally, perhaps it is the south-east that is the factory farm: how so many animals can live in such a small space and expect to have normal behaviour patterns is beyond me.*

*Yours, sitting on a steaming midden,*
*ALAN OWEN,*
*Ellon, Aberdeenshire.*

## Colemanballs

*£10 paid for contributions*

*"The faster he goes the quicker he'll get to the pits — the slower he goes the longer it will take."*

**MURRAY WALKER, BBC2**
**(A. Dean)**

*"... and Ottey, still running supremely well, takes the silver."*

**DAVID COLEMAN, BBC2**
**(Jim Hart)**

*"As a mark of respect to the RAF airmen who were killed yesterday, we will not be showing 'Best of Biggin Hill' as advertised. Instead, here's 'Highway to Heaven'."*

**ANNOUNCER, Meridian TV**
**(Dan Avenell)**

*"That was a big relief off me shoulder..."*

**PAUL GASCOIGNE, BBC1**
**(Ian McElroy)**

**Richard Madeley:** *So how long have you been mulling over the decision to go?*

**Julie Goodyear:** *Two years.*

**Richard Madeley:** *So how long ago was that?*

**Julie Goodyear:** *Two years ago...*

**ITV**
**(A.S. Mangat)**

## HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

## Letter from Nigeria

*from Our Own Correspondent*

**OUR military ruler, General Sani Abachi, has tried to ease international pressure on his ailing regime by promising to reduce the sentence of 40 alleged coup plotters, including the democratically elected head of state.**

But one name left off his list is that of Ken Saro-Wiwa, one of our most successful and prolific authors. He has written novels, children's books and trenchant political journalism, as well as writing and producing what is said to be the world's most watched soap opera, *Basi & Co*, with audiences of up to 50 million.

Some years ago, appalled by the devastation of Ogoniland, his tribal homeland, as a result of oil exploration and production, he formed a political organisation called MOSOP: the Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People. Explicitly non-violent, MOSOP's aims were to achieve reparations for the ecological damage done in the Niger River delta and secure for the Ogoni tribe some of the revenue and benefit from Nigeria's vast oil wealth.

The Ogoni is a small tribe, rendered significant in Nigeria only because its tribal lands lie over the oil reserves; and Saro-Wiwa was like an impetuous David taking on two Goliaths — our military regime (sustained, needless to say, by the country's oil wealth) and the multinational oil companies, notably Shell.

He proved a sharp thorn in both their sides. His lobbying abroad alerted the international community to what he termed the "slow genocide" of his people and to the ecological disaster taking place in the Niger River delta. He was detained and imprisoned several times, and a covert "dirty war" was waged by the Nigerian military against the Ogoni — villages were burned, people were killed and beaten — the standard terror tactics of a regime with something nasty to hide.

Politics here are somewhat complex and the Ogoni cause suffered from its share of factionalism. In May 1994 Saro-Wiwa was on his way to attend a rally in an Ogoni town. He was stopped by police and turned back. The rally turned into a riot and four people — prominent Ogoni leaders — were killed. Saro-Wiwa, along with 14 others, has been charged with murder (the fact that he was 20 miles away and driving in the opposite direction notwithstanding).

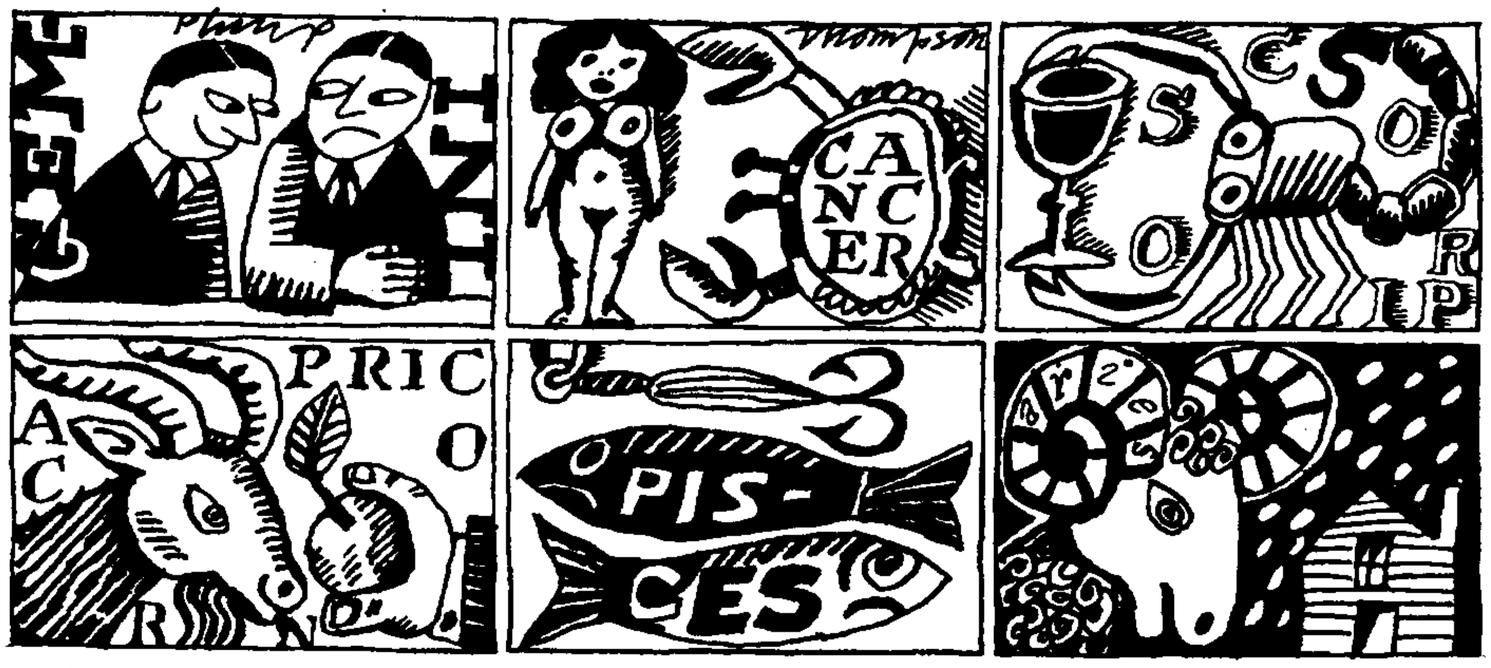
Since May 1994 Saro-Wiwa has been kept in prison under conditions that range from the neglectful to the brutal. He is in his 50s and has a heart condition: medical aid is routinely withheld; witnesses have been threatened and bribed; he is denied proper access to his lawyers. Moreover, he is being tried by a special tribunal, not an orthodox court of law, within which there is no right of appeal.

The tribunal is little more than a kangaroo court and has been declared "neither independent nor impartial" by the Law Society and the Bar human rights committee. The "trial" is currently nearing its end and comes at a potentially embarrassing time for Abacha and the military who, having annulled a democratic general election and imprisoned the victor, are looking increasingly desperate as their human rights record grows increasingly besmirched.

Saro-Wiwa is responsible for a significant amount of this bad publicity, his temerarious and solitary campaign doing much to expose the corruption and viciousness of the country's current rulers. The trumped up charges and the trial are a form of revenge for his success and audacity, and much of the opposition and legitimate dissenters throughout Nigeria see him as a focus for their various concerns.

Moves are currently afoot to have Abacha and the military regime banned from the forthcoming Commonwealth conference and for sanctions to be imposed on Nigeria. Perhaps they could hurry things along a bit. If Saro-Wiwa is found guilty, the mandatory sentence is death.

# FUNNY OLD WORLD




**"We don't yet know exactly what he was doing down there, but it seems to be some kind of fetish of his," OPP Constable Bob LaFreniere told reporters at an impromptu news conference held just outside Peterboro, Ontario. "But I can tell you, we're damn glad we managed to starve him out, because we weren't too happy about the thought of going down there to flush him out ourselves."**

**Constable LaFreniere was speaking near to the outside lavatory at Warsaw Caves conservation area where Darren Laitte, 26, of Richmond Hill, had just been arrested on two specimen counts of committing an indecent act: "We received several complaints from women who said they'd been spied on while using this facility. They told us that after they had concluded their private business in the outhouse, they'd looked down and seen a man covered in their ordure, leering up at them from beneath the toilet seat. So, we came to investigate, and saw Laitte down there in the holding tank. At first he refused to leave, so we laid siege to the outhouse, and starved him until he eventually agreed to come out. Apparently the man used to be an escapologist in a circus, and has a body as supple as rubber. He confessed that he'd squeezed down through the seat about a week ago so he could spy on women, and couldn't get out again. He said he'd been shat on by so many women in his life, he thought it was time to go the whole hog. Turns out he liked lying underneath women so their body wastes splash onto his face. His mother finally coaxed him out by threatening to confiscate his Batman duvet cover. We had to lower a rope, and when he surfaced, boy did he stink."** *(The Toronto Star, 6/7/95. Spotter — Alan Yuill)*

— o —

"*Sunday Beams* by Dr. Philip M. Kajura.

*Gemini* (May 21-June 20): Avoid cribbing an answer from your fellow classmate. Do not be a person who is habitually dishonest.

*Cancer* (June 21-July 20): You may hear some news about a man whose wife has committed adultery. Also you are advised not to make a cuckold by having sex with another man.

*Scorpio* (October 23-November 22): You may be feeling unwell as a result of eating or drinking too much on Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday. Do you know that you are a lovely creature?

*Capricorn* (December 21-January 19): This is not a week of forgery. Do not forget to feed your animals on time. Beware all mindreaders. They cause sickness and bends.

*Pisces* (February 19-March 20): You are advised to avoid brutal punishments. Things are not as bad as you think, except on Monday and Wednesday.

*Aries* (March 21-April 20): Your house needs a fresh paint. Avoid caressing the sexual organs or kissing before sexual intercourse. Do not stand outside in the cold if your health is not well.

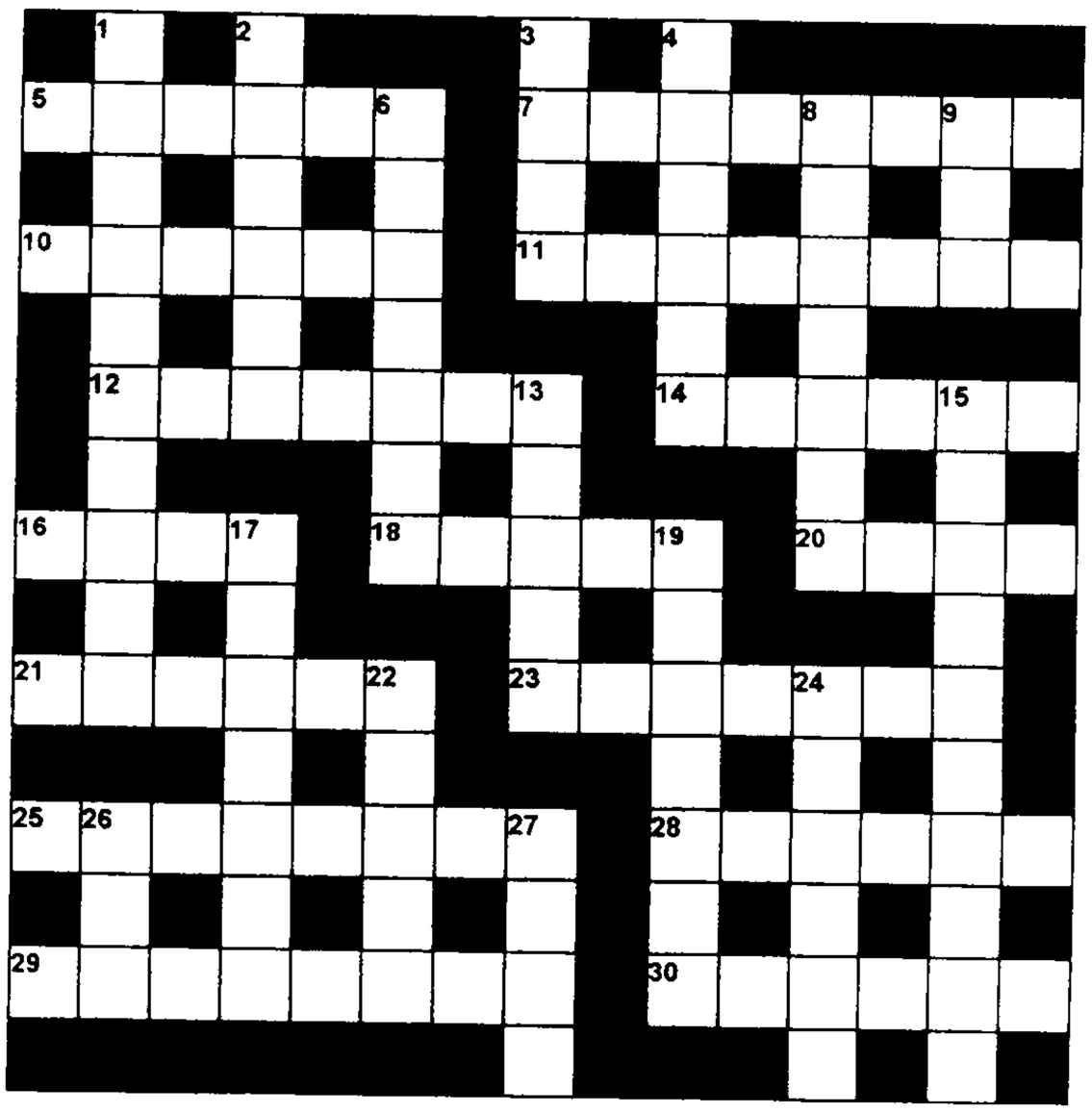
Dr Kajura says, 'Why not consult me for advice? Come with confidence and I will help you out of jam. Write PO Box 8692, Dar es Salaam, and buy your Kiswahili book *Siri ya Maisha Yako* Price 1,000/-." *(Sunday News [Tanzania], 21/5/95. Spotter: Ewan Bryce)*

COMPILED BY

Victor Lewis-Smith

# EYE CROSSWORD 38 by Cyclops

£100 Winner STEVE PHILLIPS



ACROSS

5 Where they teach how to get hold of a posh car? (6)
7 One-time tripper makes a police chief (4,4)
10/11 Our feature about poor line management — a V-sign, perhaps, to no-hopers (6,8)
11 (see 10)
12 Manage to have sex only to be subjected to a put-down? (3,4)
14 'It's good to talk' channel? (6)
16 Some idiot in South-West Water? (4)
18 Sugar doesn't agree with this manager, as the tabloids would say (2,3)
20 Bollocks act amazingly when twirled (4)
21 It's a sort of sport to hold captive a ring of UN peace-keepers, for instance (6)
23 Nelson also into male perversion (7)
25 Traditionally impressed by some lordly arse? (8)
28 Publicly reveal homosexual nature of someone you screw for payment (6)
29 Herpes outbreak among *Sunset Times* — initially taken aback — hacks (3,5)
30 Ron, in bad shape, gets help from Republican fund-raising organisation (6)

DOWN

1 Sailors get beaten raw in desperate contest to be watched by ever more people (7,3)
2 Willy is Mark Thatcher's first (6)
3 Forte admirer's flipping crap (4)
4 Flogging's a major feature of Salman's daily existence (6)
6/22 System of caring government in a sort of farewell, long gone, situation? (7,5)
8 Hard on, about to eject? Control launch from here! (7)
9/19 Familiar ex-president who made a theatrical exit (3,7)
13 Here's a bit of info: the public prosecutor dumped on corporation (5)
15 Auntie has rescheduled start of Anneka — a merciful release! (10)
17 Head about to tumble tart (7)
19 (see 9)
22 (see 6)
24 Half of tories being gobbled by one-time model get it by force (6)
26 Outburst from disgusted Scot sees end of Rupert (3)
27 'Plonker' is evident in Taki's scribblings! (4)

**£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 13.10.95. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.**

## Solution to Crossword No. 37

ACROSS: 5 Fraud 7 Abu Dhabi 9/24 Conference season 10 Honk 11 Imbecile 13 Slushy 14 Anna 16 Going 18 Eggs 20 Gummer 23 Amnesiac 25/29 Lord Gnome 26 Ozone layer 28 Bigamist 29 (see 25).

DOWN: 1 Waffle 2 Pawn 3/8 Queen's Bench 4 The House 5 Footman 6 Dorking 8 (see 3) 12 Evita 15 Arms deal 17 Ginseng 19 Glad eye 21 Utopia 22 Rookie 24 (see 9) 27 Oats.

# 'TIME TRAVEL POSSIBLE' says Expert

by Our Science Staff **Mark Einsteyn**

**"TRAVELLING back into history is not science fiction but science fact", according to Professor Arthur Scarging, author of the best-selling book** *A Brief History of Timewasting.*

Scarging, who suffers from the debilitating belief that anyone cares what he thinks (Motor Mouth disease), is now convinced that the Labour Party can now travel backwards to what it was in the 1930s.

His revolutionary thesis has the support of a number of other lunatics including the eccentric, tea-drinking Professor Benn, Ms Liz Davies, and the Hon. David Spart, co-chair of the two-strong "Let's Lose With Labour!" movement.

Sir Isaac Newton is 712.

TO THE RESCUE!
TARZAN HOW COME THAT YOU WERE THE FIRST TO ATTACK THE EUROPEAN COURT AFTER THEIR RULING ON THE ROCK?
IT WASN'T YOUR DEPARTMENT!
IT WAS MY JOB!
TRUE JOHN, BUT...
YOU NOT QUICK ENOUGH!!
AIEE-AEE OH!

**The "Chronicle" would like to clarify that Mrs. Margaret Cowap, of Greenacres Road, Congleton, has not been a nun as was stated in last week's feature on her son Jonathan. Said Mr. Jonathan Cowap: "She was a superior mother, never a mother superior".**

*Biddulph Chronicle*

*World of Soccer*

# EDDIE DEPARDIEU RETURNS IN TRIUMPH

by E.I. Erewego, Our Man In The Kwik-Fit All-Seat Stand With His Monster Munch And Can Of Hoots Alcoholic Ribena (A "Wee Dram And Yer Liver's Down The Swannee!")

**NEASDEN Bridge was ablaze last night as delighted fans (Sid and Doris Bonkers) set fire to the stands to celebrate the return of the man they call simply "Le Dieu".**

They stood as one man, which indeed they were, as the master criminal weaved his special brand of magic.

Said an ashen-faced manager, Ron Knee, 57: "Eddie Depardieu is a living legend in his own lifetime. He has now repaid his debt to society and has proved today that he is back to his pre-prison form".

And the Gallic genius disappointed nobody.

Within minutes he had run into the Dollis Hill Stand, passing seven policemen effortlessly, before out-jumping several stewards and heading Nick Hornby, the leader of Dollis Hill Fan Club, in the face.

## Ron Kneecap

The fans went wild, but there was better to come.

Just before half-time, the man who until last week wore the number 7652437 on his arrowed shirt, grabbed the referee Sid Himmler by the throat and strangled him.

As the crowds roared "Ooh Urgh — Depardieu" and Neasden Fire Brigade battled with the flames, Ron Knee declared: "The God is back and relegation is in the bag."

## IKEA League Division 3

Canary Wharf Academicals . . 4
(Moore 2, Heffer 1, Lawson 1)

AFC Neasden . . . . . 0

*Players sent off: Hasting of CWA*


DORA CARRINGTON

SPECIAL JURY PRIZE & BEST ACTOR CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

LYTTON STRACHEY

"A Class Act. Drama and Sexual Adventure"
EMPIRE

"Dora Carrington and Lytton Strachey give two of the most devastating performances of the year"
DAILY MAIL

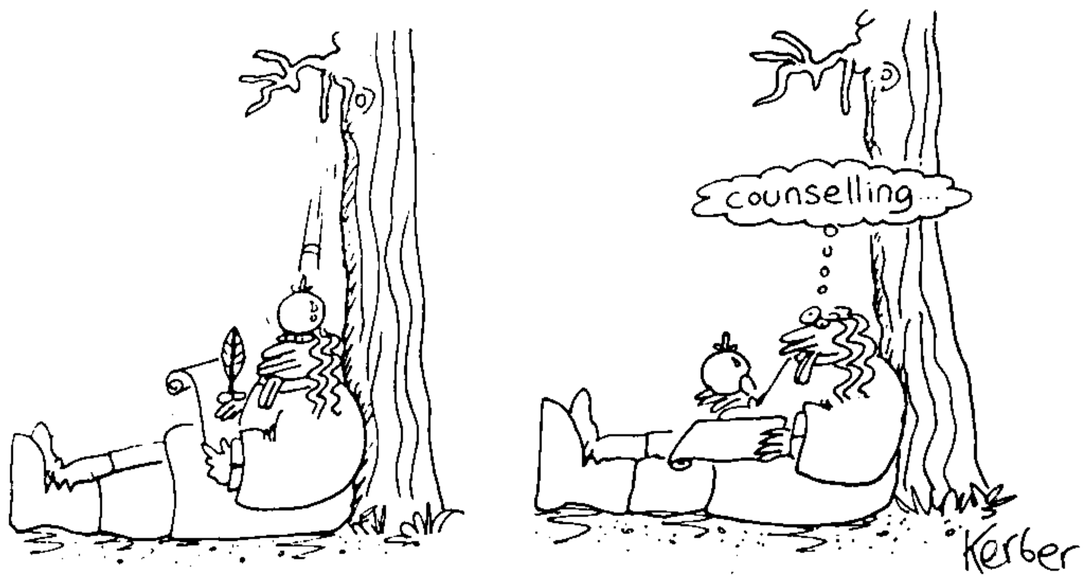
Not Directed by KENNETH BRANAGH

THOMPSON 18

A Luvvie Story So Usual It Has To Be True

© *New Bloomsbury Productions*


*Isaac Newton's Second Great Idea*




***Michael Heath is unwell***

# The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

## Saturday

Who says I am not in the heart of Europe! They have even named a whole island near Spain after me. It is now called Majorca, which is the Spanish for my name, and I flew there today for a very important summit meeting with my friends, Mr Herr Kohl, Mr Monsieur Chirac and the Prime Minister of Finland, whose name I did not catch. I made a not inconsiderably tough speech warning the others that Britain was only prepared to drive in the slow lane under severe speed restrictions and with the fast lane very definitely closed off with cones. Everyone was very impressed by my realism and agreed with the points I had made. Afterwards Mr Herr Kohl read out the official communique, which said that it was "full steam ahead to a federal superstate of Europe, run by Germany". This showed how successfully I had won the argument, but for some reason the newspapers did not seem to grasp this. They were much more interested in Mr Herr Kohl's lunch which was as follows:

10 Pigs Stomachs, roasted in 2 kilolitres of lard

1 metric tonne of Sauerkraut mit Kartoffeln

All washed down with 300 steins of Davidsbundlertanze Lager.

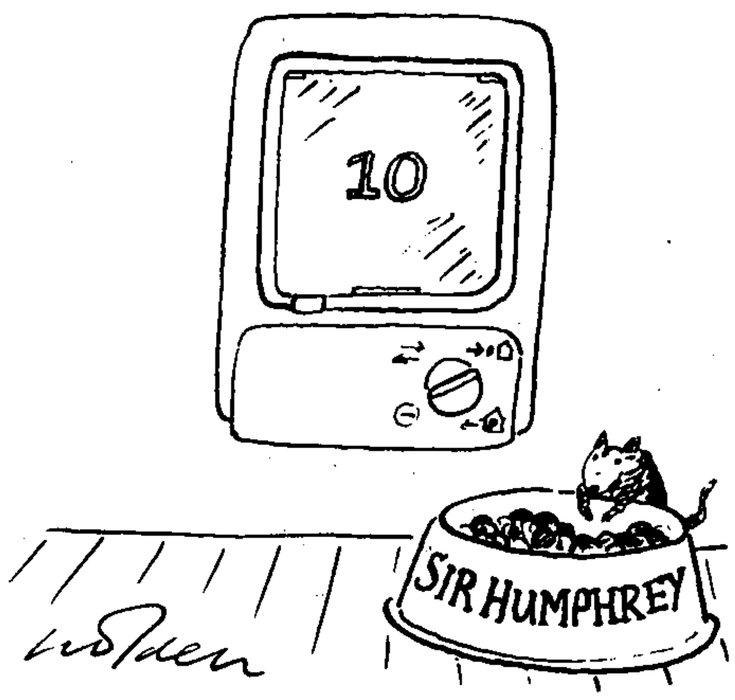
As I said to my wife Norman: "It seems that Mr Kohl will eat absolutely anything." "Yes," she said, "including you for breakfast." As usual, she completely missed the point.

## Sunday

Today I flew back from my historic Euro-summit meeting, to find that Mr Meyer, my press officer, was in a state of not inconsiderable excitement. "Prime Minister," he said, "we have discovered that Humphrey, the Downing Street cat, has gone missing." "I did not know we had a cat," I replied. "Oh, yes, you do," said Mr Meyer, "you are very fond of him and you are heartbroken that he has gone missing for nearly six months." Mr Meyer had apparently already told this to all the newspapers. I thought this was all rather odd. "Was Humphrey here to catch mice?" I asked. "No, Prime Minister," he said with a strange wink, "but he may catch us a few votes." I did not know what he was talking about, and suggested that he should go to bed to rest the strange tic in his eye.

## Monday

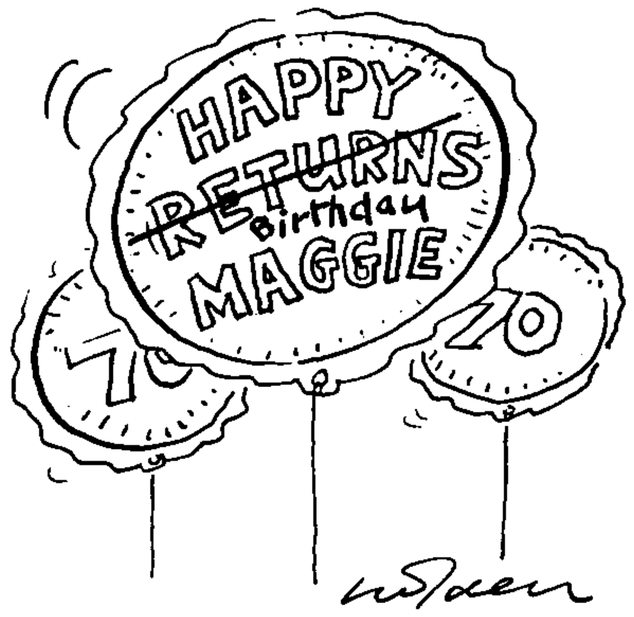
Guess what! Humphrey, the missing cat, has been found! Mr Meyer came in to tell me this in triumphant mood. "Here is the schedule of your TV and radio appearances." "This is for me to talk about the peace process, is it?" I asked. "No," he said, "this is serious. It's for you to talk about the return of Humphrey." "Oh," I said. "What do I say?" "You say that you are relieved and delighted. Then you say 'here is another occupant of Downing Street who keeps coming back when people have written him off'." This is a very good joke which Mr Meyer says will definitely win me the next election. Not that we weren't going to win it before. Oh no.




## Tuesday

Mr Meyer said this morning that he was very pleased with the cat coverage. "It made up for your failure at the Majorca Summit," he said. "But now," he said, "we've got something else for you to be delighted about. Guess who is coming to dinner with you tonight? It is Mrs Thatcher. I have already told the press that you are delighted, and you are to give her a kiss on the doorstep at 8.32pm, just in time for the 9 o'clock News." "But I hate her," I said. "I would rather kiss the cat." "That's a great idea, Prime Minister," he said. "We will do that tomorrow. It is now time for you to get ready for your dinner opportunity."

I have to admit that in my judgement it was a very unusual dinner. At half-past-eight Mrs Thatcher arrived in her very big car, smiling and holding up a copy of her new book. Everybody took photographs of her, and then she came to the door so that I could kiss her when Mr Meyer shouted "Now!". We then went inside and Mrs Thatcher said that she unfortunately had a prior engagement and left by the back door, pausing only to snatch up a bottle of whisky from the drinks tray. My wife Norman was in no small measure annoyed, as she had already microwaved three portions of M&S's Partytime Crab Fingers with Broccoli Bakes.




## Wednesday

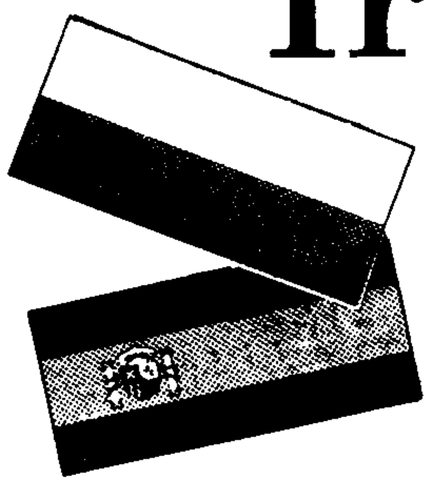
When I arrived in my office this morning there was a note on my desk saying, "Come in and see me at once, M.H. Check if light is green first." Luckily, the green light was on and I went straight in. Mr Heseltine seemed to have lost his desk and he was sitting on a very large gold chair in the middle of the room, with a funny crown on his head. "Ah, John," he said. "This is a terrible day for Britain. We have been humiliated in the European Courts." He then explained that we had lost some case against the IRA. "The media, of course, wanted an official government reaction from the very top, and I have given them one. I thought you ought to know what our line is." This was very helpful of Mr Heseltine, and I thanked him, but I am not sure he heard what I said, as suddenly the room filled with the sound of a huge choir singing a song about Jerusalem from The Last Night Of The Proms.

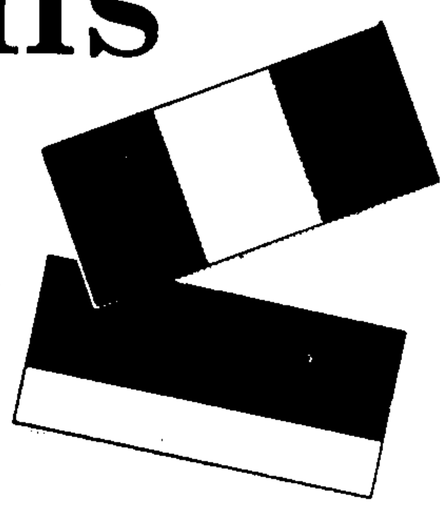
## Friday

All the papers are full of how angry Mr Heseltine is about this court case with the IRA, and how this time Britain is going to stand up to Europe. This will be very popular, and shows that Mr Heseltine is really trying to help me win the next election. We are so friendly in fact that he called me into his office again today, to tell me that next Monday I was going to make the whole country metric. "It is to be called M-Day, John, in honour of you," he said. "So, if it is really popular, everyone will associate it with you." I asked him why we were doing it. "Is this another of those ideas from Brussels? They are very unpopular." "Oh, no," he said "Brussels did tell us to do it, but it was entirely your idea that we should agree to it." He then put on another song which I recognised called "Rule Britannia". Something is not quite right about all this, but I cannot put my finger on it. I went back to my office, only to find that Humphrey had knocked over all the biros on my desk and had chewed up one of my Bastard books.

## Eurovision Court Contest

# Ireland Wins Again





by Our Eurovision Staff **I.R.A. Gershwin**

THERE was British fury last night as judges gave the top prize to three Irish folk heroes (surely 'singers'? Ed), the Bombers, for their entry "Death On The Rock".

The British group, SAS, with their "hit" "Shoot To Kill", came a narrow second after the judges from 19 European nations had split almost equally down the middle.

The early voting seemed to be going Britain's way, as Iceland, Finland and Turkey all gave us maximum points.

### Boom-Bang-A-Bang

But then Terry Wogan asked for the verdict of tiny

Malta, and the tide began to turn towards the Irish group.

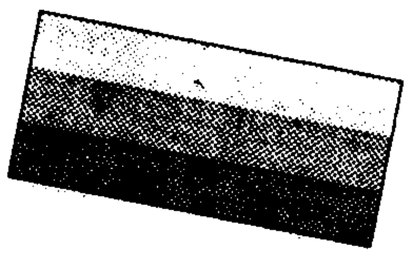
One after another, the remaining judges threw their votes Ireland's way — Slovakia, Estonia, Lithuania.

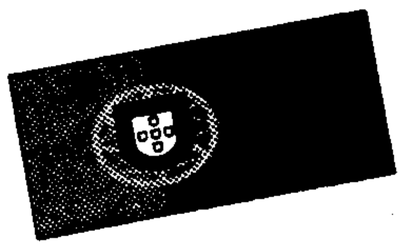
And then it was all over. Collecting the award on behalf of a united Ireland, Gerry Adams, lead vocalist from Gerry and the Peacemakers — still loved by older fans who remember their 1972 hit "You'll Never Walk Again" — said: "This is a great night for Ireland. Make no mistake – there will be shooting in the streets tonight". *(Surely 'dancing on the graves'? Ed.)*

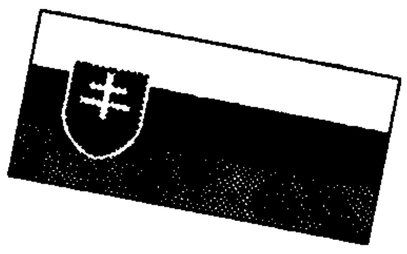
### Shamrock 'n' Roll

But a furious England manager, Hezza of the Heselteenies, lashed out at what he called "an incredible, ludicrous and contemptible judgement".

"These judges are all foreigners," he went on, "so what can you expect? We are seriously considering withdrawing from the Eurovision Court Contest completely and setting up a competition of our own, so that we can always win."







## LATE NEWS

# CRIME DROPS TO NEW HIGH

by Our Crime Staff
**Inspector Knacker**

**"WE ARE definitely winning the battle against crime," said Michael Howard yesterday.**

"The number of people reporting crimes last year dropped to 3," he told John Humphrys on the Today programme. When it was put to him that most people no longer bother to report crimes because they know the police won't do anything, Mr Howard said: "You are just trying to run down Britain. People like you should be put in prison".

*Simon Jenkins writes:* It is now universally accepted, thanks to my millions of articles on the subject, that there is no such thing as a crime wave.

The ludicrous idea that crime has in some sense been increasing is just a silly myth created by people living in a fantasy world where old women are mugged by teenagers, children are murdered by perverts, and you can't leave your car parked without the radio being stolen.

It is time the victims of this babyish illusion read more pieces by me and then they would realise that *(cont'd p.94)*

# NBA — New Deal Ratified

by Our Literary Staff **Will Sellout**

THE WORLD of books was rocked to its foundations last night by the news that the NBA, the Not-Book Agreement, has been accepted by all the major publishers in Britain.

From now on only Not-Books will be published and will be sold through leading supermarkets, petrol stations and via dispensing machines in public lavatories.

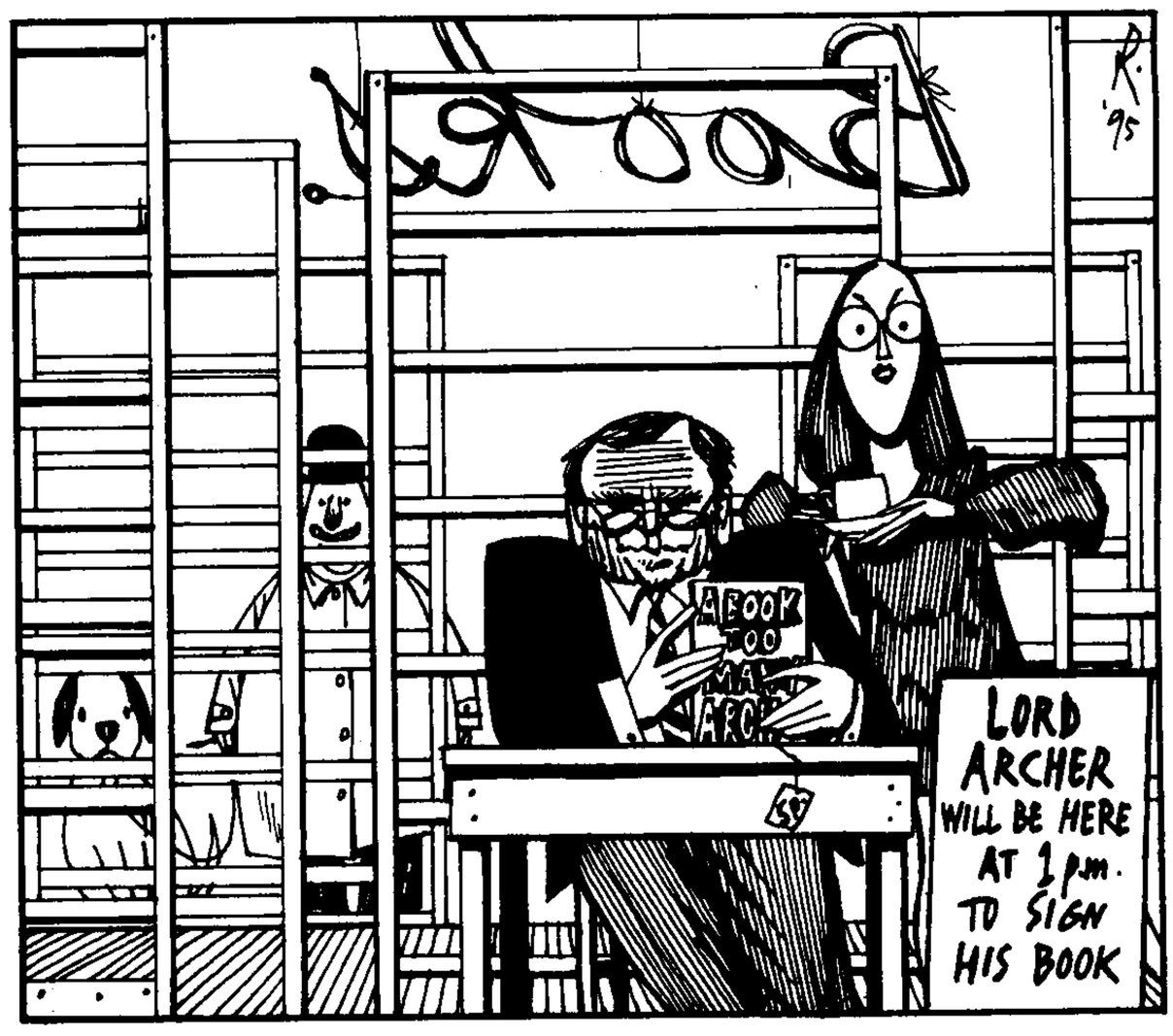
Top authors of not-books are said to be delighted as they will benefit hugely from the new bulk-buy, cut price system. Said best-selling novelist Jeffrey Archer: "My books have always been too expensive. They're worth almost nothing. Everyone knows that. Now at last the publishing world has recognised this fact and has priced them accordingly — ie, 5p each."

The novelist then quipped: "Readers should pay not a penny more and not a penny less — provided, of course, Tesco does not offer a further discount!"

Critics, however, suggested that the Not-Book Agreement will squeeze real books out of the marketplace and that small book shops will close.

"Nonsense," said a spokesman for the Publishers Association. "Independent book shops *will* be able to survive. They simply have to move with the times and sell groceries instead."

The NBG agreement comes into effect immediately.




HOW IT WILL LOOK

New Fiction

# PICTURE OF DIRIAN GREY

by Oscarling Will

AN EXTRAORDINARY story about a wealthy socialite who keeps a portrait of herself in the attic. Whilst Diana becomes more beautiful and saintly in the public eye, the picture shows her true self — sick, bitter and twisted.

Diana seems to get more youthful and virtuous every year. By day she visits the sick and attends charity lunches, but at night she returns home to stalk other people's husbands. The portrait reflects her secret life becoming a dark, ugly, menacing vision of her tortured soul.

*©The Literary Review*

# Railtrack Plc — Table 8a

**Banbury — Scunthorpe — Aberdeen**
**Didcot Parkway — Penzance.**

## Monday to Friday (except Wednesdays)

| | | B | 12 | | 32 | 20 | | 31 | | B |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | TE | | | TE | | | | |
| **Ipswich** | 17 10 | 17 15 | 17 20 | 17 45 | 17 23 | 17 50 | 18 00 | 18 08 | 18 20 | ... |
| Waldegrave-on-Thames | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Gummer | ... | ... | ... | ... | 17 41 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Three Tenors | ... | ... | ... | ... | 17 48 | ... | ... | 18 29 | ... | ... |
| Haywards Heath | ... | ... | ... | ... | 17 57 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Auchtermuchty | ... | 17 52 | 17 56 | ... | 18 06 | 18 24 | ... | 18 43 | ... | 18 54 |
| Loose Chippings | ... | ... | ... | ... | 18 10 | 18 29 | ... | 18 47 | ... | ... |
| **Nevers-sur-Dimanche** | ... | ... | ... | ... | 18 15 | 18 33 | ... | 18 52 | ... | ... |
| London Paddington | ... | ... | ... | ... | 18 21 | 18 38 | ... | 18 57 | ... | ... |
| Crewe | ... | ... | ... | ... | 18 26 | 18 44 | ... | 19 03 | ... | ... |
| Flannelly | 17 50 | ... | 18 14 | 18 19 | 18 32 | ... | 18 35 | 19 11 | ... | ... |
| **Gorman** | 17 50 | ... | 18 16 | ... | 18 33 | ... | ... | 19 18 | ... | ... |
| **East Gorman** | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 19 23 | ... | ... |
| Basildon Parkway | ... | ... | ... | ... | 18 38 | ... | ... | 19 26 | ... | ... |
| Munchen Gladbach | ... | ... | ... | ... | 18 42 | ... | ... | 19 30 | ... | ... |
| Manchester Piccadilly | 18 05 | 18 19 | 18 29 | ... | 18 52 | 19 01 | ... | 19 38 | 19 08 | 19 23 |
| Watford | ... | 18 21 | ... | ... | ... | 19 03 | ... | ... | ... | 19 23 |
| **Lymeswold** | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 19 12 | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| St Ivel | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 19 16 | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Archole | ... | 18 42 | ... | ... | ... | 19 25 | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Eggsnorton | ... | 19 01 | ... | ... | ... | 19 31 | ... | ... | ... | 19 44 |
| Combe Dancing | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 20 03 |
| **Newcastle** | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |

CODES: *Tuesdays only, except Tuesdays
(b) Change at Bolsover
(c) Non-stopping train
+ No bicycles between 0913 and 2023
(e) No trains on this service.

## Supplement A

Some of the information in the above table has been found to be invalid due to unforeseen circumstances. Passengers are asked to note the following corrections:

**1.** The Branson Turboexpress 2306 from Bridlington to Gatwick is now being operated by Scotrail Plc and calls additionally at Beijing East, Heckmondwyke, Neasden and Rekjavik Parkway (sleeper service subject to availability).

**2.** For 2306 in the above paragraph now read 0715. This train will split at Kuala Lumpur, and the first two coaches will go forward to Tunbridge Wells (except on Thursdays).

**3.** The 0715 Sprinter Service mentioned in the above paragraph will now depart from Amersham at 1607. It will collide with the 1821 oncoming Hansom Intercity Sizzler Service from Jersey to Newport Pagnell somewhere near Clapham Junction. There will be a full enquiry and customers are advised to continue their journey by ambulance.

Corrections to the above supplement will be issued on Monday to Friday every week until November 21 when Railtrack will publish the next timetable (subject to availability).

The pay increase of £471,212 plus share options for Mr Horton, Chairman of Railtrack Plc, will arrive on time in his bank account.

**Correction**

The above figure of £471,212 should now be amended to read £583,416, due to a revision of Mr Horton's performance-related bonus assessment. We would like to apologise to Mr Horton for this unfortunate error, owing to the wrong kind of money in his pay cheque.

*© Greedrail Plc 1995*

The above charges will include the use of the Lounge and its facilities. Catering self services include beverages, cannabis, biscuits etc. In addition, your passengers can engage themselves with up-to-date international news and various entertainment programmes provided on satellite television.

*Oman Air Lounge Services & Facilities*

# CHANCELLOR CONSIDERS 'WINDFALL' OPTION

by Our Political Correspondent
**Simon Hogwash**

**THE Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, is today said to be "looking very carefully" at a scheme to claim back millions of votes which the Government gave to the Labour Party when privatising the public utilities.**

Mr Clarke said: "There is a case for a one-off action which will allow the Government to recoup much of the political capital which it inadvertently handed on a plate to the Opposition."

### Sir Marcus Fox-Up

He continued: "Grossly undervaluing the utilities, selling them cheaply and then allowing its fat-cat directors to plunder all the profits has to some extent been a terrible idea. But making them give me back all this money which I can then use as a tax bribe could in some senses be a really good wheeze."

He concluded: "This could be the windfall of votes that we are looking for."

# SCHOOLBOY EXPOSED IN AGE HOAX

by Our Education Staff **Polly Toynbee**
(now the University of Farringdon)

**THE bizarre double-life of a schoolboy who deceived experts about his age came to light last week.**

Charles Moore, the editor of the Sunday Telegraph, was widely assumed to be 72 years old. He never denied it and dressed, spoke and thought like a genuine septuagenarian. In fact he is only 18 and should still be in the Sixth Form.

His colleagues are amazed. Said Perry Worsthorne, 78: "I thought he was one of us. Admittedly his face looked quite young, but after a few drinks in the club he was every bit as boring and out of touch as myself."

### Brandon Lee-der Writer

The elaborate hoax nearly succeeded as Charles Moore easily passed test after test set by the authorities (Conrad Black). His ultimate goal was to become Editor of the Daily Telegraph.

But now his secret is out and it seems likely that the coveted job as editor will go to the 87-year-old Dominic Lawson.

## THAT NEW SUNDAY TELEGRAPH MAGAZINE

### Readers Write

Dear Sir,

Congratulations on your wonderful new magazine. Daisy Waugh's cooking tips on how to make a cup of tea were really brilliant.

Mrs Ethel Chancellor

Dear Mr Chancellor,

Although I am your son I really enjoyed your new magazine. The picture of the dandelions taken by my cousin were the best I have ever seen. Keep up the good work!

Kevin Chancellor

Dear Sir,

I have a serious complaint about your new magazine. There is not enough of it! Particularly enjoyable was Ludmilla Waugh-Chancellor's fascinating seven page feature on how to clean teaspoons with your old toothbrush.

Claudia Fitzwaugh
(née Chancellor)

*(That's enough made-up letters, C.M.)*

# VOLCANO ERUPTS DOWN UNDER

by Our Volcano Staff
**Dame Etna Everage**

**THE most vicious volcano in the Southern Hemisphere, Mount Ruapehumurdo, has begun a violent eruption, spewing huge quantities of filth all over the world.**

Its effects have been reported from Sydney to San Francisco, from Wapping to Beijing.

### Lava Tory

"The atmosphere has been polluted," said experts last night, "and it could mean an end to all civilised life as we know it."

Mount Rupert, or "the mountain of filth", as the natives of nearby Halloran Island call it, first began erupting in 1969.

"We first knew something pretty nasty was going on when the Sun was suddenly covered in muck," said another expert, Roy Greenpeace.

### Pornocatapetl

"We have become accustomed to these dreadful eruptions of garbage pouring out day and night," he went on.

"But recently the situation has got even worse. The filth is now being thrown right up into space, and then it comes back to earth into everybody's houses.

"The worst thing about it is that it makes you feel so dirty. Mount Rupimurdoch is perhaps the most dangerous unnatural phenomenon in the world today."

THIS WEEK IN THE DAILY MAIL

# Muggeridge: TV's 'Mister Mother Teresa' was 3-in-a-bed sex-crazed dope fiend

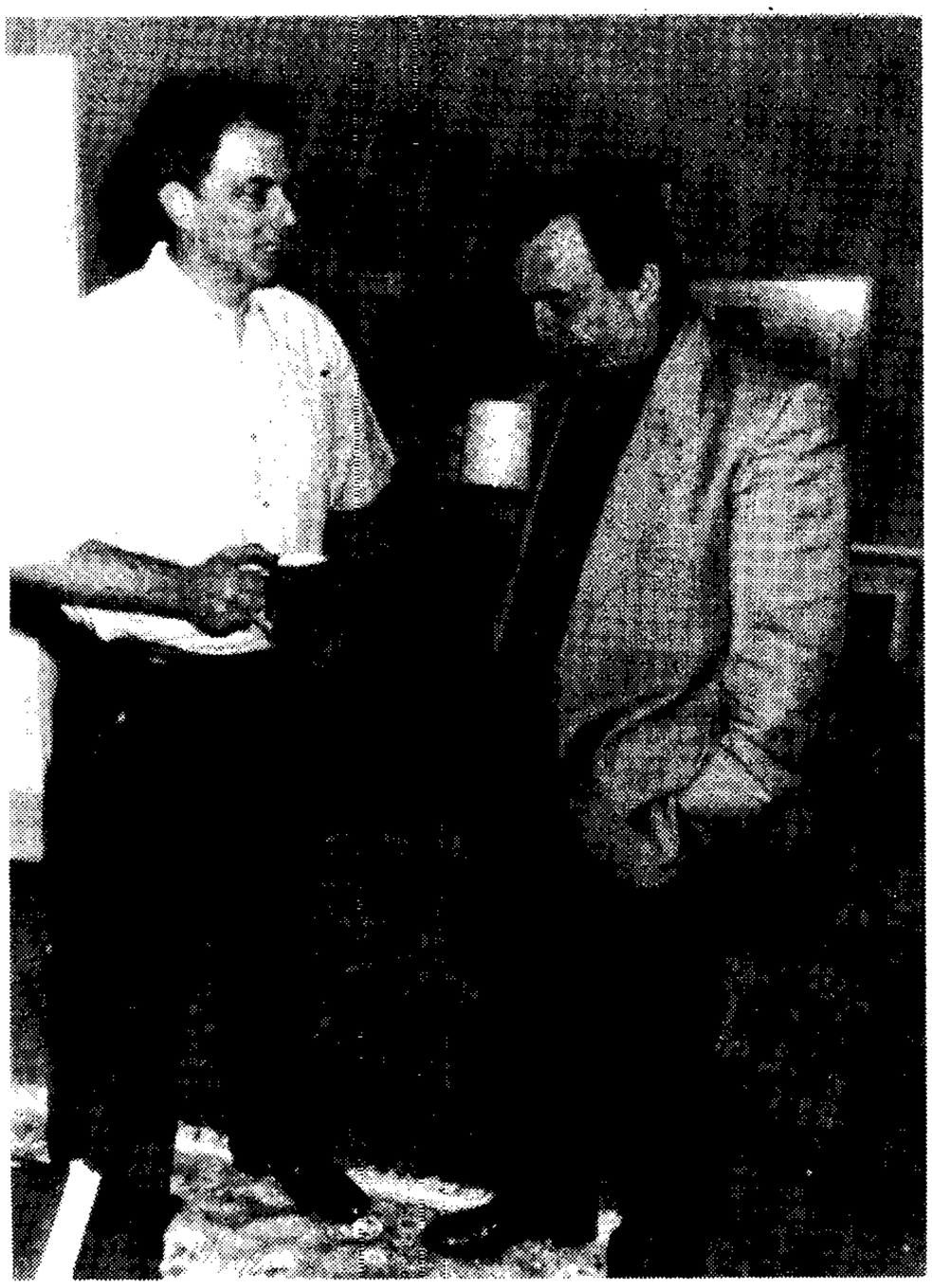
By His Old Friend **Richard Ingrams**
(with a little help from the Mail sub-editors)

**Chapter One: Saint Legover**

IN 1953 the editorial chair of the long-established humorous magazine *Punch* fell vacant. The choice lay between Arnold Figgis, who for twenty-five years had run the 'Little England' column *(This is far too boring. Can't we get in some bonking? Ed).*

His quivering hand strayed up Lady Pamela's skirt. Within seconds the insatiably lecherous Muggeridge was rolling...

*NEXT WEEK: I Expose Sex-Fiend Ingrams by his old friend Malcolm Muggeridge.*



### TV Highlights

## The Likely Labs

CLASSIC sitcom returns in which old mates Tony and John come to blows when they try and organise a party. Tony has gone all middle-class and is embarrassed by the distinctly working-class John. Tony has married Thelma *(shurely 'Cherie'? Ed)* and wants to move away from the cloth-capped cobbled streets of the past into the fashionable suburbs of Middle England. Hilarious.

### Cast in Full

Tony Blair . . . **Rodney Bewes**
John Prescott . . **James Bolam**
Thelma Blair . **Cherie Lunghi**
Mrs Prescott . . . . **Liz Davies**

*Written by Dick Clement-Atlee and Ian Le Mandelson*

# O.J. TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT

by Our Washington Staff
**Eddie Georgetown**

**HISTORY could be in the making as America looks to elect its first-ever black President.**

Both political parties are known to be negotiating for the chance to field O.J. Simpson as their candidate in 1996.

"O.J." has not yet declared himself, as he is still busy being tried for murder. But his status as an all-American black hero, who is popular with all sections of the community, makes it now almost certain *(cont'd p.94)*

# C of E Claims 'Astonishing Miracle'

## Scientists Baffled

by Our Religious Affairs Correspondent **Max Clifford-Richard**

**MILLIONS of Church of England worshippers** *(shurely shome mishtake? Ed)* **were queuing up last night to see for themselves "the miracle of the vanishing money".**

All over England reports have come in of how £800 million, contributed by C of E members over the past 300 years, had simply "disappeared overnight".

Huge amounts of cash, which had been presented by the faithful, were "sucked up and never seen again".

### 'We Were Milked'

"It is certainly the biggest miracle the C of E has ever seen," said Archbishop Carey last night. "One minute we were one of the richest institutions in the world, and now we are bankrupt."

Archbishop Carey-Street is 81.

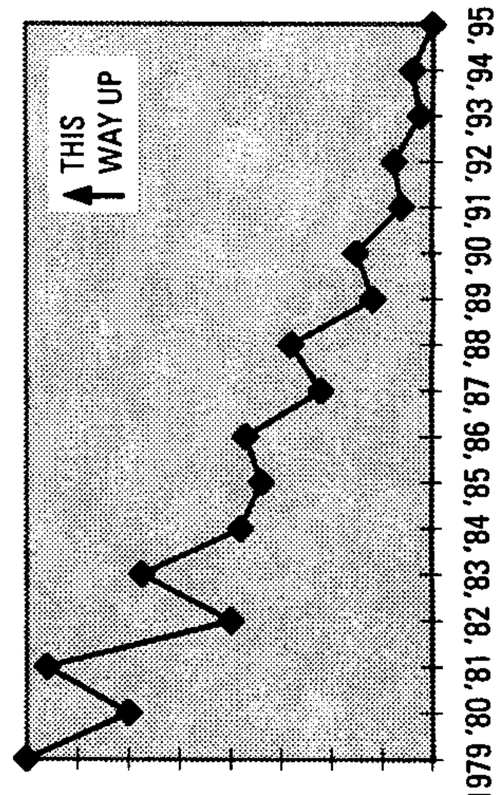
THE TIMES

# The Fallacy of British Economic Under-Achievement

WILLIAM REES-MOGG

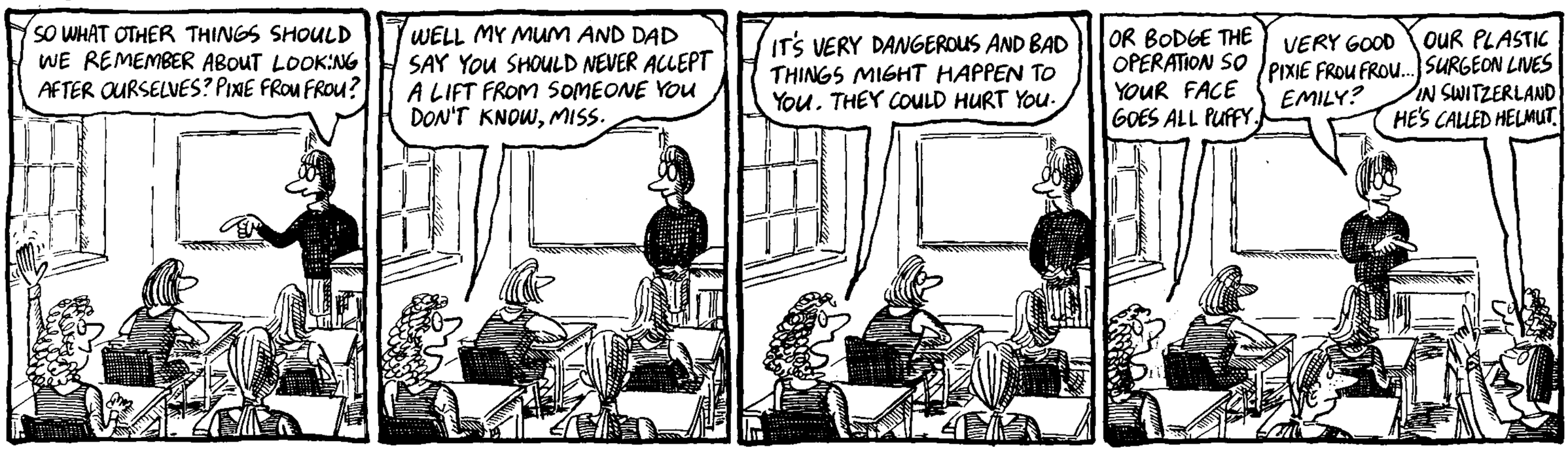
FOR YEARS ill-informed economists and politicians of the less intelligent variety have been declaring Cassandra-like that the British Economy is being outpaced and outclassed by its competitors in Europe and in the emergent countries of the Pacific Rim.

Yet statistics published this week by the statistical office of the DGRSOLEA and sent to me personally show a very different picture *(see opposite)*. The graph makes it abundantly clear that Britain, far from lagging behind, is actually performing better than every single other country in the whole world including Japan and the United States. So much for all the so-called experts and their gloomy prognostications. As I have always said, Britain has been booming for a long period, thanks to its stable Conservative government.




Celeb

LIGGER


SO WHAT OTHER THINGS SHOULD WE REMEMBER ABOUT LOOKING AFTER OURSELVES? PIXIE FROU FROU?
WELL MY MUM AND DAD SAY YOU SHOULD NEVER ACCEPT A LIFT FROM SOMEONE YOU DON'T KNOW, MISS.
IT'S VERY DANGEROUS AND BAD THINGS MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU. THEY COULD HURT YOU.
OR BODGE THE OPERATION SO YOUR FACE GOES ALL PUFFY.
VERY GOOD PIXIE FROU FROU... EMILY?
OUR PLASTIC SURGEON LIVES IN SWITZERLAND HE'S CALLED HELMUT.

A Sylvie Krin Royal Romance Special

# HELL HATH NO FURY

*THE STORY SO FAR: Handsome Rugby hero Will Carling has assured his beautiful wife Julia that he will never see Princess Diana again.*

*Now read on...*

"THE WORD is 'thrust'." The England Rugby Captain stood in front of a lectern and pointed to a screen on the wall with the word "Thrust" written on it in large black letters.

He felt as at home here, addressing a group of senior middle-managers at the *Digi-Rom* '95 Conference at Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre, as he did on the green turf of Twickenham.

"If you don't have thrust, you won't achieve your goals."

The screen changed instantly and the word "Goals" appeared in red letters.

Carling left a pause to let his words sink in. Several of the delegates obediently tapped his wisdom into their laptops.

He felt on top of the world, in complete control.

"And if you don't achieve your goals, you can never be a..." He was about to say "winner" as the dramatic conclusion to his speech, but he was stopped in his tracks by the shrill ring of his mobile phone.

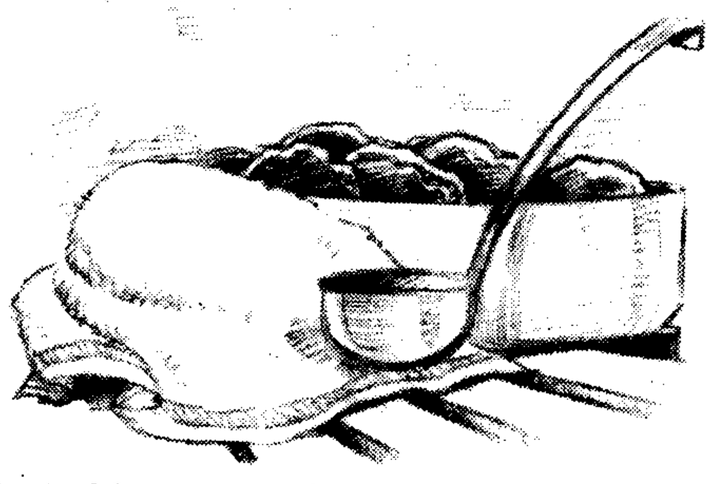
He stiffened and bit his lip nervously. "Excuse me," he said to his audience and turned away to speak into his compact Cellmates 121.

"I'm not interrupting anything, am I?" purred the velvet voice of the Princess of Wales. "Only I haven't heard from you for a while and I'm feeling a bit neglected. Is that awful of me, Scrummy-Bummy?"

"Well... no... yah... sort of..." The muscular athlete struggled for words. Behind the console he could see the bespectacled face of Kevin, the audio visual director, gesticulating furiously at him. The screen had now skipped ahead and read "Danger" followed by "Crisis" and then, in sombre brown, "Loser".

"Why don't you meet me at the Clinic tomorrow morning? Just us. Before anyone gets there." She let the silence spin around them like a spider's web, trapping the spluttering Carling in its silken threads. "I need some special treatment. You know what I'm talking about."

The world's most beautiful and



desirable woman then hung up leaving the fish struggling on the hook. *(Is he a fly or a fish? Make your mind up. Ed.)*

"YOU'RE up early," said a sleepy Julia Carling as her husband struggled into his tracksuit bottoms. The clock said 7.00am. "I didn't know you were training today."

"Er... er... well, no... they, er, called... the Clinic that is... they had a last minute look at the, erm, you know... injury and stuff... so I've got to go in... it's the only window they have."

His wife lifted herself gently onto the pillow, her short blonde hair cascading down *(How can short hair cascade? Get a grip. Ed)* over the peach-like complexion of her finely chiselled face. Her bright blue eyes sparkled as she tenderly put out a hand.

"Do you have to go right at this minute?"

The question hit him like an All Black forward running at full speed. Did he? Did he?...

IN THE empty car park there was only one other vehicle: a soft-top Series 4 Gazza Super XJS-2. Yummy-Tummy was already there. Looking furtively around, Carling walked hurriedly towards the double glass doors of the select Uganda Sports Injury Clinic. So far, so good, he thought. Those two men in raincoats digging a hole in the road were genuine enough. And those other men up the telegraph pole, they were probably mending a broken wire. And that man on the roof with the binoculars was just checking for loose tiles. "You're being paranoid, Will," he told himself, as he closed the doors behind him. He walked down the empty corridors past the Colonic Irrigation Centre and the Japanese Mud Treatment Room and his heart began to pound with anticipation.

He opened the door to the Swedish Sauna Surgery and there she was: sitting in a secluded corner dressed only in a powder-pink towel knotted provocatively above her swelling cleavage.

"You're going to get very hot if you stand there in all those clothes," she said, languorously flicking water onto the burning coals.

"I just think we should talk. I mean, *not*... you know," he stammered as a huge cloud of steam rose and hid her from view. "Diana, er... are you still there?"

There was a moment's silence and then he felt a hand take his hand and put something soft into it. "Hang this towel up, would you? There's a dear..."

THE CLOCK on St Bruno's Church in Putney chimed seven as Will Carling awoke from an uneasy sleep. "You're up early," he said as his wife entered the bedroom carrying a tray of breakfast and a selection of the Sunday papers.

"I thought you might like this in bed," she said, and before he could answer she hurled the entire contents of the tray over his head.

As the remains of a fried egg dripped over his face he made out his own photograph on the front page of the newspaper. There he was outside the Clinic. And there was Di. There was no escape. "Wicked Willy Cheats on Missus With Dirty Di." The *Sunday Telegraph* headline said it all.

"But I... er... it was meant to be a secret... someone must have tipped off the press... only she and I knew about it... and I didn't tell them... so, er..." He stopped suddenly as he met his wife's steely gaze. A cold baked bean rolled off his nose and the glimmer of realisation dawned on him.

Was it his imagination or could he hear the mocking laughter of a tall blonde woman floating across London from her lair in the heart of Kensington?

*THE END*

*(of Another Marriage)*

# DIARY

TONY BLAIR

Hi! You know, I've learnt a tremendous lot from the great musical heroes of my generation. Like Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin, for instance, I am climbing my own "Stairway to Heaven". And I'm passionate about wanting to take this country up that stairway with me.

But, as Jimmy — a hero of mine, incidentally — recognised, building a stairway is not something that can be done in just a few weeks. It takes time and careful planning. It must be built on a truly solid foundation of a long-running agenda of draft discussion documents and internal policy reviews. And anyone who wants to build a stairway to heaven must first be sure which way heaven is. To me, it is not "somewhere up there" or even "somewhere down there". No. It is with us here today. We are living in heaven as I speak, here in Britain in 1995. If things can be even half as good under a New Labour government then we won't be doing too badly. I think it was Marvin Gaye who once said, "We've really got a good scene going." So let's not wreck it in the headlong pursuit of change. The last thing we need as a radical New Labour government with a whole platform of exciting new ideas is to seek to change anything. So let's build a stairway to heaven, by all means. But let's not try to make it more than a few inches high. Anything more would prove too costly, and might interfere with the smooth running of a wealth-generating market economy. So let's keep things much the same. Let that be the strong, passionate, New Labour message we take to the electorate. Cheers!

New Labour simply must win the next election. People sometimes ask me, why must New Labour win the next election? I'll tell you. The reason New Labour must win the next election is that if we don't win the next election, we will almost certainly lose it. And if we lose the next election, one thing's for sure: we certainly won't have won it. And that is the reason New Labour simply must go all-out to win the next election: so we can win it.

What goes into the Blair executive clutch-bag? That's a question I get asked by people committed to the aims of New Labour the length and breadth of the country. When you're a busy man like me, you have to take great care over your personal packing. Here, for the record, are the essentials:

*1 copy of The Spectator (to see what we're up against!)*

*1 copy of The Sunday Telegraph (ditto!)*

*1 matching hairbrush, comb and blow-drier inscribed with New Labour logo ("A Fresh Parting for a New Tomorrow")*

*2 sachets of Versace Pour Homme face powder with duster (to prevent our enemies scoring vital party-political points if my face appears shiny on television)*

*1 copy of a card from the Prime Minister offering me his very best wishes for the 1994 festive season (to see what we're up against!)*

*1 photograph of myself with Mick Jagger (always a huge fan — and Cherie tells me I even look a bit like the guy!)*

*7 draft consultative documents and private memos on future economic renewal strategy under New Labour by my excellent Deputy, John Prescott, ready for reading around the fireplace*

*1 box of matches*

*1 foldaway cardboard "dummy" guitar (there's nothing like a quick burst of the guitar "licks" on The Carpenters "Goodbye to Love" for relaxing after a heavy day on the hustings!)*

*1 Victorian-style sealed locket with later Edwardian silver heart-shaped fasteners containing one lock of shorn moustache, a gift from my good friend Peter Mandelson, c. 1994*

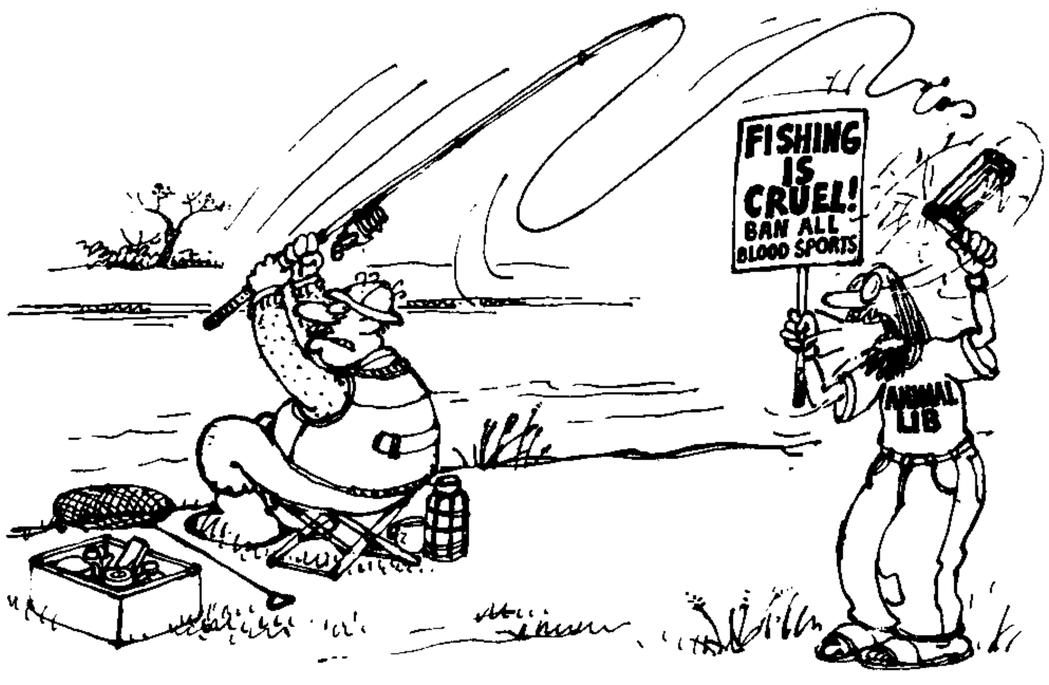
*1 warm letter of congratulations on my election as New Labour Party Leader from Home Secretary Michael Howard (just to see what we're up against!)*

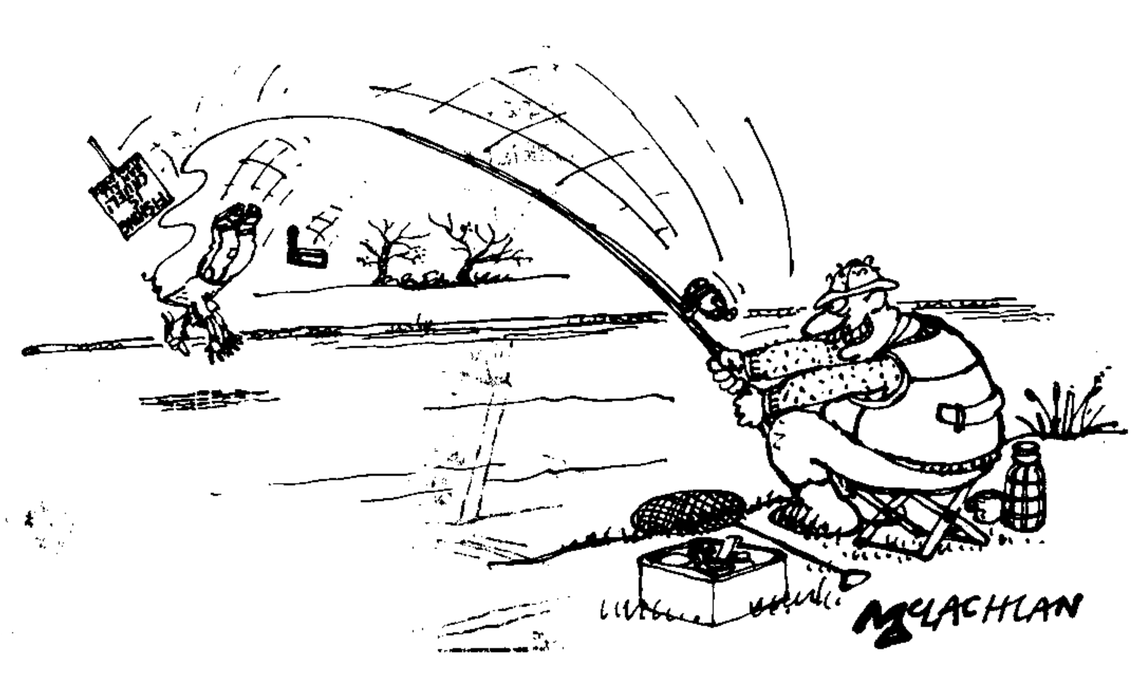
I don't like people telling me I don't believe in the disadvantaged. Of course I do. Or else what on earth would I be doing sitting side by side with John Prescott? I believe passionately in social justice and equality. But there's a time and a place for everything. Now is not the time to be discussing whether it's fair or unfair that A has more money than B, or that B is in the gutter whilst A is just back from holiday in Tuscany. That's no way to win an election. What the British people want to hear is that we are no longer the party of the Unions. What they want to hear is that we have initiated on-going discussion breakfasts with some of our most prosperous businessmen on how New Labour can assist them to increase their profits and so help cut taxes and reduce public spending after the next election. That's a bold message. A radical message. A New Labour message. And it's a message which this discredited Tory government with its ruthless dogma of High Spend, High Tax would do well to heed. Cheers!

When I was at my Polytechnic in the early Seventies — well, more of a University I suppose, actually Oxford University, but it was very different then — I spent a lot of time trying to modernise and refashion the rock group of which I was a member. The others wanted to carry on in the same old way, wearing their hair long with untidy jeans and unlaundered shirts, singing the same old songs about love and peace. But I had the courage to do battle with these outmoded ideas. As you may have read in the press, the band laboured under the name "Ugly Rumours", but I was having none of it. "Come on, guys," I said, boldly. "We're never going to get anywhere called that!" So we changed our name first to Pleasant Rumours, then to New Pleasant Rumours, and finally to New Pleasant Draft Discussion Documents.

Nor did I shirk from refashioning our whole musical policy. Out went the noisy electric guitars and loud drums, and in came the more homely, attractive sound of the Rolf Harris Stylophone with a gentle backing of castanets and occasional folk guitar. With a change of costume to smart lightweight suits and modern flowery tie, we were all set to take on the world. In fact, with me in my "shades" many predicted we were set to become the next Peters and Lee. When we went on stage that first time, someone in the audience shouted for music. But I told them — and pretty bloody firmly, I can tell you — that we weren't going to be rushed into a choice of music, and we weren't going to be forced to play something we couldn't deliver. So we just stood there in our costumes in silence, looking lovely. And as the election approaches, may this be a lesson to all New Labour: smile all you can, but for goodness sake, let's not play any duff notes.

With best wishes from Tony, Cherie and the kids.



# Literary Review

## The sting in the tale

### The Net Book Agreement

AND SO early on 26 September, unexpectedly but trailed by months of ominous huffing, the Net Book Agreement (NBA) crumbled into dust.

HarperCollins and Random House were out by lunch-time — Collins had a seven-figure deal signed with Asda by mid-afternoon — and by nightfall Penguin, unenthusiastic but fearing the consequences of refusal, was with them in the cart.

Curiously the most excited onlookers were not those connected with the publishing trade, but newspapers: or rather one paper. "An agreement that has controlled the price of books for more than a century was shattered yesterday," crowed the *Times* (prop: R. Murdoch), thoughtfully appending a more than usually pop-eyed photograph of Sir Kingsley Amis, an author published by HarperCollins (prop: R. Murdoch). The caption read: "Book likely to be discounted"; and Asda's Tony Campbell chipped in to suggest that this was a victory for his customers "who have voted with their feet". The smell of smug, free-market invincibility hung in the air likes mains gas.

"Cartel" is as ugly a word as "socialism" these days, even when its only object is to give all the runners in a race a fair chance. The final version of NBA came into existence back in the cut-throat world of late-Victorian publishing to stop the big fish from chewing up the smaller ones, to ensure that a decent range of books got published and, oh, to preserve those fine old institutions like customer choice and the freedom of small businesses which the *Times* hates so much. Getting rid of it means a handful of massively discounted bestsellers — the crap everyone buys *anyway* — and price rises everywhere else as the only way to pay for the discounts.

Whereupon the sheer desperation of nearly everyone involved becomes clear. According to the *Times*, "publishers have been encouraged by the success of Hodder Headline" — an early deserter from the system — "which has seen sales rise by 78 per cent and authors' royalties by 60 per cent". What the *Times* omitted to say was that while Hodder Headline's *sales* have boomed, its *profits* have dipped sharply. Conducted with maximum disingenuousness — including hefty price rises prior to quitting the NBA, thereby allowing bigger discounts — so far Hodder Headline's masterplan has actually been a disaster. Last week its shares slumped by more than a third. The only winners have been the supermarkets and two or three bestselling authors.

Ditching the NBA has not only been a disaster for Hodder Headline. First there was a bookseller called Terry Maher of Pentos Books. He told the world British publishing was living in the Stone Age, and that the NBA was keeping prices high and stopping the mass sale of cheap books. Pentos went to the wall.

Then there was Reed, which said the same and is now selling its general book publishing division. Then there were publishers HarperCollins and Random House, both in deep trouble from paying ridiculous advances; and booksellers W.H. Smith and Waterstone's — all sacking people and panicking because Asda, the supermarket chain, sold about 4,000 books outside the NBA. They have all decided that because others have gone bust after abandoning the NBA, the way to save their skins is, er, to abandon the NBA!

They are cheered not only by the HarperCollins housemag, the *Times*, but also by former parfumier Stephen Dunn, marketing director of Dillons, who got very excited announcing on *Newsnight* that lots of cheap books were now going to be sold because the NBA was finished — forgetting that Dillons, when part of Pentos, abandoned the NBA, went to the wall and had to be rescued by EMI.

So why is one of the leading plotters, Eddie "McBastard" Bell of HarperCollins, so keen to repeat the wretched experiment? Sad to relate, the NBA is a convenient scapegoat for all the money wasted on overpaid authors and the multi-million pound exercises in corporate navel-gazing. At some point, though, the financial chickens are going to come home to roost.

Going back to that seven-figure deal with Asda, how will it be accounted for? The authors, bless them, all have contracts guaranteeing royalties on a published price, invocation of "high discount" clauses notwithstanding. Margins, already tight, will be stretched beyond endurance by the kind of knock-down reductions Asda wants. Looking at this first flush of post-NBA enthusiasm from the angle of next year's balance sheet, it's hard not to conclude that dumping the stock in the Thames would probably make a greater contribution to the profit and loss account.

Panic, then, pure and simple, courtesy of an industry that hasn't a clue how to deal with the problems of falling sales and sky-high advances other than to come up with the most obvious short-term fix. It won't stop the rot, but it will probably see the end of your favourite small bookshop, not to mention making proper books even more expensive. Isn't the free market wonderful?

**10.40 OMNIBUS**
To discover how a book is turned into a phenomenon, *Omnibus* follows Fatherland author Richard Harris, *pictured*, over a three year period, as he researches, writes and helps to market his latest work.

*Yorkshire Evening Post*

*Wordsworth is informed that his poetic licence has expired*

## BOOKERS & BOOKERMEN

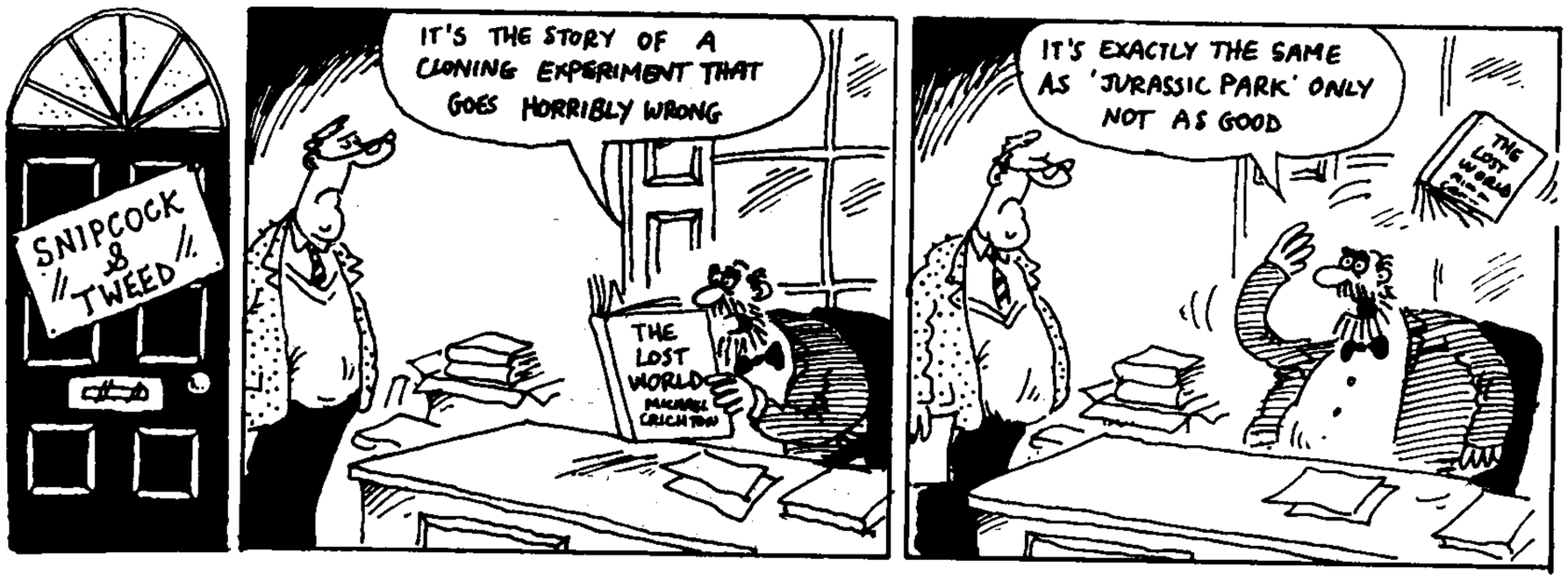
■ NO surprises, then, in the Booker shortlist. The upper-middlebrow jury (gay novelist Adam Mars-Jones; *Sunday Times* fiction editor Peter Kemp; *Observer* columnist Kate Kellaway; and suspense queen Ruth Rendell) marshalled by chairman George Walden MP has produced a pattern shortlist in which an inevitable process of self-disqualification shows immediately where the smart money ought to go.

First up come two previous winners: Salman Rushdie with *The Moor's Last Sigh* (Cape), a huge sympathy vote obscuring the merits of a good but apparently not brilliant novel; and Barry Unsworth's mock-medieval *Morality Play* (Hamish Hamilton), neither of which will win because previous winners don't.

The presence of Justin Cartwright with his tense south London docu-drama *In Every Face I Meet* (Sceptre) is the usual Booker reward for past services rendered but overlooked at the time (current offering just shaded by 1990s excellent *Look At It This Way*). *Riders* (Picador) by the Australian Tim Winton is the token left-fielder, which need not trouble the book-makers.

This leaves us with Pat Barker's *The Ghost Road* (Viking), whose thematic OK-ness (World War One) added to the general consensus of an insufficiently talented field should see its author through. HarperCollins, which shelled out £505,000 for Amis junior's *The Information* on the confident assumption of a shortlisting, must be kicking itself.

*'Bookworm'*


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
IT'S THE STORY OF A CLONING EXPERIMENT THAT GOES HORRIBLY WRONG
THE LOST WORLD
MICHAEL CRICHTON
IT'S EXACTLY THE SAME AS 'JURASSIC PARK' ONLY NOT AS GOOD
THE LOST WORLD

# footnotes

# ISLES OF SILLY

**HERE's some new information not put to former director Jonathan Aitken MP on his embarrassing and heavily-leaked interview under caution last week by HM customs, about how the arms company BMARC ran rings round government arms embargoes which got in the way of lucrative arms exports.**

In 1987 BMARC was ordered by its Swiss parent company Oerlikon to sell £2.6 million worth of 35mm ammunition to Cyprus. *Whoops!* Selling arms to either side (Greek or Turkish) in Cyprus was, and is, banned by strict embargo. BMARC's application for an export licence was promptly rejected.

Quick as a flash Oerlikon arranged for the ammunition to be exported to Singapore, and from there through another Singapore-based company to Cyprus. All went smoothly and a substantial delivery to Singapore was made in September 1988, the month Jonathan Aitken joined the BMARC board.

In the same month another consignment of arms (this time naval guns) was exported by BMARC to Singapore for onward shipment to another embargoed country, Iran. This was Project Lisi, which got Jonathan Aitken into such terrible trouble recently with his Rt Hon friend, Michael Heseltine.

The Cyprus export is further proof that BMARC was using Singapore as a conduit for breaking government arms embargoes. Naturally BMARC executives were cautious. A memo dated 4 January 1989 from Graham Willett, of the BMARC sales department, starts as follows: "Extreme caution must be exercised in any dealings with Cyprus. There is clearly some misunderstanding over the current position. Oerlikon supplied Singapore manufacturers with 35mm ammunition because BMARC was unable to obtain an export licence in 1987."

A fascinating insight into the business culture then prevailing at BMARC can be gleaned from a frantic handwritten note at the end of the memo. Upset by a suggestion from Willett that Oerlikon should be cut out of a future BMARC arms deal, Major General Donald Isles, former army director-general of weapons and a BMARC director with strong loyalties to Oerlikon, scrawled a message to his managing director Bill McNaught (MI6), as follows: "This is insubordination. Will you sack him or should I?"

The general is now deputy lieutenant of Lincolnshire.

*SIR DUNCAN NICHOL*

# Put another Nichol in

*PATRICIA HEWITT*

**■ SO CRASS, discursive, vacillating and shoddily-presented was the first report of Health Care 2000 that even the health secretary Stephen Dorrell attacked it.**

Health Care 2000 was set up in 1993 by Britain's 30 top drug companies "to encourage the development of partnership and programmes with others involved in health care". Its report suggests that private money should be encouraged into the National Health Service by allowing people to buy better NHS treatment — for instance by paying a fee for more convenient appointment times to avoid all those nasty hours with the plebs in the doctors' waiting rooms. The only certain result of this would be that more money would be spent on drugs.

The chair of the committee which produced the report is Sir Duncan Nichol, who is described as director of the health service management unit at Manchester university. Shyly, the report does not boast of Sir Duncan's other important job: as a director of BUPA, the private health insurance group.

From 1989 to 1993 Sir Duncan was also head of the National Health Service, of course; and in 1993 he gave evidence to the Commons public accounts committee about an interesting example of private money in the National Health Service: the waste of at least £20 million of NHS money on a disgraceful computer cock-up in the Wessex region. At the centre of the cock-up was a giant (and disastrous) IBM computer, recommended by a consultant to the regional health authority who, by astonishing coincidence, sat on the board of IBM. (When this was discovered, the IBM man was "asked to leave" and given a pay-off of £111,940).

Asked by a Tory MP if the Wessex saga was "a litany of slapdash, improper and quite unacceptable intromissions with public funds", Nichol replied: "There is no doubt that that would be an appropriate description." He also agreed that between 1987 and 1990 the statutory auditor had sent five reports to Nichol's NHS management executive outlining "improprieties" in Wessex. Asked what he had done about them, Nichol insisted his department had "doggedly pursued a whole series of points about the management and mismanagement of this project". But alas, he confessed, all that dogged pursuit turned out to be "a hopeless chase".

Nichol was asked about the role of Andersen Consulting, a firm which had set out to advise the regional health authority on which computer firm to hire, and ended up getting the contract itself. An auditor reported: "Although several officers took exception at the time to the apparent conflict of interest, no remedial action was taken." Nichol could not explain convincingly why he and his executive had done nothing about it. Soon after this outstanding performance, Mr Nichol was knighted.

Sir Duncan came across Andersen again in a more congenial atmosphere during his recent Health Care 2000 inquiry. His deputy on the committee was Patricia Hewitt, director of research at Andersen Consulting. She became famous as policy coordinator to Neil Kinnock during his days as leader of the Labour party when he campaigned with tremendous vigour against any dilution by private money of the National Health Service. She joined Andersen's last year.

# Listeria

*SALESMAN: Cllr Lister*

**■ THE news in the last *Eye* that Wandsworth council has installed security systems from the Bermuda-based company ADT in 17 of its schools, including the prestigious ADT College , has come as no surprise to admirers of Edward Lister.**

Lister is leader of Wandsworth's Tory council, a consummate propagandist for the values of the free market – and general manager of the ADT systems sales team which is based at Titan House, Bermondsey. There, Lister reports directly to ADT's managing director, Jim Ratcliffe, and all bids for major contracts pass his desk.

A council spokesman told the *Eye*: "Yes, it is widely known in Wandsworth that Councillor Lister is an employee of ADT. This is declared in the register of interests. Councillor Lister is scrupulous about withdrawing from any discussion or committee on any matter referring to ADT."

## *THE THINGS THEY PITCH*

**"THE quality of the North West region's water supply is renowned. High rainfall on the mountains and moorlands which fringe the region provides a secure supply. The towns, cities and industries on the plains below need never fear the water shortages which increasingly afflict less fortunate regions elsewhere."**

*From* England's North West, A Strategic Vision for a European Region, *pubished earlier this year by (among others) the North West Business Leadership team, which includes Sir Desmond Pitcher, chairman of North West Water.*

*PS: North West Water imposed a hosepipe ban at the beginning of August which is still in force.*

*PPS: Sir Desmond Pitcher's ridiculous £250,000 salary was inflated last year by a £75,000 "performance bonus".*

# Lockerbie: Another warning, another denial

**THE great cover-up of the biggest mass murder in British history, the 1988 bombing of Pan Am 103 at Lockerbie, has been given a new boost by the prime minister.**

On 29 July the *Guardian* published further evidence that the US government was warned well before Lockerbie that Pan Am was a target for Palestinian terrorists.

The authorities were expecting a revenge bombing for the shooting down of an Iranian airliner by a US warship the previous summer. The danger to Pan Am was spelled out in an intelligence report from the US state department on 2 December 1988, 19 days before the Lockerbie bombing. The report warned: "Team of Palestinians not associated with the PLO plans to attack American targets in Europe. Targets specified are Pan Am and US military bases."

The report was met with great indignation by the families of the British Lockerbie victims, who have been assured that there was no relevant warning to Pan Am aircraft. Diligent previous inquiries by the families had established the following time-table:

**26 October 1988**: German police arrest a gang from the PFLP-GC, a Palestinian terrorist organisation opposed to the PLO and closely linked to Iran. In one of the gang's cars was a bomb built into a Toshiba radio-cassette player which was specifically designed to blow up aircraft.

**5 December**: A man with a Middle Eastern accent rings the US embassy in Helsinki warning that a woman would unwittingly carry a bomb on board a Pan Am flight from Frankfurt to the US in the next fortnight.

**9 December**: Pan Am security official Jim Berwick goes to Helsinki and is told by a US intelligence agent the warning is a hoax.

**13 December**: The alleged hoax Helsinki warning is posted on the noticeboard of the US embassy in Moscow. At least one diplomat cancels a Pan Am flight booking.

**21 December**: Pan Am flight 103 from Frankfurt to New York explodes, killing 270 people. The bomb in the plane was fitted into a Toshiba radio-cassette player.

The new evidence of an intelligence warning for Pan Am on 2 December 1988 fitted grimly into this timetable. On 31 July, UK Families Flight 103, which represents most of the British relatives of the Lockerbie dead, wrote to John Major with a series of urgent questions about the new warning. A reply from Edward Oakden, Major's private secretary, arrived eight weeks later on 22 September. It dealt with the questions as follows:

Q: Was this warning passed to the British intelligence services at the time? NO REPLY.

Q: If so, was this information passed to government departments, civil servants and/or ministers? NO REPLY.

Q: Was the warning given to the US Federal Aviation Authority and/or Pan Am by US or British intelligence? NO REPLY.

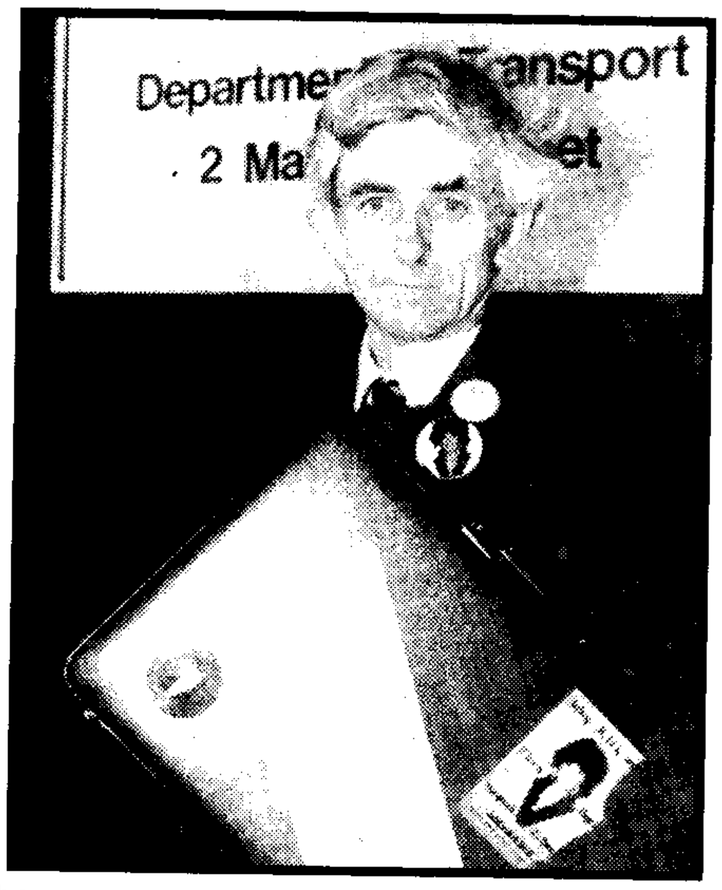
Q: What if any steps were taken by the intelligence services or government departments as a result of the warning? NO REPLY.

Q: Finally, in the light of the release of this information, do you still stand by your comment in a letter earlier this year to John Mosey [whose daughter Helga died on the Pan Am 103] that "no specific warnings were received before the Lockerbie disaster"?

**REPLY:** *"The analyst* [of the report] *assessed the threat as circular reporting, possibly versions of two earlier Counter Intelligence Daily Summaries. These earlier summaries remain classified, but the US authorities have assured us that neither made mention of Pan Am, nor of any other specific suspected target, but rather referred to a threat to US suspected targets generally. It appears that some with whom the original non-specific intelligence reports were shared jumped to conclusions about possible specific targets based on their own conjecture and that the December 2 report recycled this feed-back. The US document was thus not the specific warning that it might first appear. I'm afraid that it adds nothing new of substance."*

Translated from gobbledegook into English, Mr Oakden claims that an intelligence officer, reading previous reports that US targets generally were in danger from terrorist bombing, took it on himself, without any information or intelligence, to make a random guess that a target might be a specific airline — Pan Am — a guess which he coolly passed on in an official intelligence report. The "guess" miraculously turned out to be completely (and hideously) accurate.

If Mr Major believes that, he will believe anything. The plain truth is that the 2 December warning, which after a four-year delay has been wrenched from the US government under the freedom of information act (and was certainly *not* passed on to Pan Am at the time), is the plainest proof that in the weeks before Lockerbie the authorities were issuing warnings that Pan Am was a terrorist target. Those warnings were effectively ignored; and now there is no limit to the cover up by the authorities on both sides of the Atlantic.



*DR JIM SWIRE, whose daughter Flora died at Lockerbie, campaigning in 1989*

# RONSON'S LIGHTER

■ **THE rehabilitation of Gerald Ronson, who spent several months in prison after being convicted in the first big Guinness fraud trial, continues.**

When Ronson was sent to prison, he was disqualified from being a trustee of anything because he had been "convicted of an offence involving dishonesty" — a disqualification which usually lasts for life.

But the new-look "light touch" Charities Commission confirms to the *Eye* that in March 1993 "a waiver was subsequently granted in respect of his trusteeship of the Group Relations Charitable Trust, a position he held for five years without any problem coming to light".

Now a further application has been made for a waiver so that Mr Ronson can be a trustee of the Charitable Security Trust, which provides a bodyguard service from Ronson's business headquarters at Heron House. The waiver is confidently expected to be granted.

# Oiling up

■ **BRITISH foreign secretaries have traditionally grovelled very low to the dictators of Saudi Arabia — and Malcolm Rifkind is no exception.**

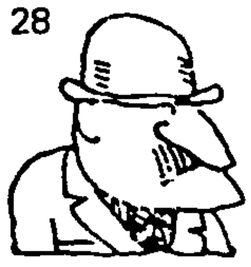
Interviewed recently by the London Saudi paper *Al Hayyett*, Rifkind was asked about Arab and Moslem dissidents who come to Britain. He replied: "I am delighted to take this opportunity to make clear that we do not welcome these dissidents in the United Kingdom. We did not invite them to come here in the first place. Not only do we not agree with the views they express but so far as I can tell they are people who have extreme opinions which would be unlikely to be of any benefit at all to the countries from which they come."

Rifkind singled out Dr Mohammad Muss'ari of the Saudi Committee for the Defence of Legitimate Rights, who has applied for political asylum in Britain. Dr Muss'ari, said Rifkind, "represents no one".

The Liberal peer Lord Avebury wrote to protest that these remarks were in flagrant breach of Britain's traditional policy towards persecuted dissidents, that they were in contempt of the government's own asylum procedures, and that it is impossible to tell how many people Dr Muss'ari represents since there are no elections and no free speech in Saudi Arabia.

Rifkind shuffled off a reply to the FO's chief Yes-Woman, Lynda Chalker. "We do not," she huffed without a word of explanation, "share your views."

*You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183*



# In the City

THE lifestyle of conman Roger Levitt continues to show no evidence of any pain or discomfort despite the collapse of his financial services outfit, Levitt Group, and his now discharged personal bankruptcy.

The man who could easily claim the title of Britain's least wanted is about to move into a new luxury home in London's St John's Wood that has cost between £800,000 and £850,000. And rumour has it that most of the just completed purchase was paid in cash!

This will further enrage Levitt's creditors and victims, not to mention critics of the legal aid system that doled out more than £1 million for the cigar-smoking fraudsman to do 180 hours' community service.

The four-storey house in St John's Wood Road, only a six away from the Lord's cricket ground, is understood to have been acquired by his wife Diana who is said to be seeking a mortgage of up to £250,000 from the Nationwide — no doubt happy to add the Levitt name to its list of satisfied customers.

The move from *chez* Levitt in nearby Circus Road may not be entirely voluntary but encouraged by the problems of property dealer and former Levitt employee Trevor Owen, who bought the lease in 1992 and installed the Levitts as tenants. Owen is under investigation by Scotland Yard for allegedly obtaining loans by deception from several lenders.

The Skipton building society advanced £375,000 on Circus Road. Owen informed the Skipton that he had a tenant (Levitt) who would pay the cost of the mortgage — then £3,000 a month. This money was indeed paid into an Owen company bank account by Levitt. However, the Skipton may not have been best pleased to learn that Owen was under investigation or that he may have exaggerated his income from property dealing in order to obtain other loans. Be that as it may, Circus Road is on the market with a Middle Eastern buyer in tow.

But the sale of Circus Road is unlikely to produce any bonanza for Owen. Local property values have moved up only marginally, maybe enough for Owen to make a small profit on the property after the suggested £150,000 spent on improvements.

Which brings us to the other partner in the Circus Road purchase, the Theriac Trust, which is said to be a family trust which has aided Diana Levitt who has the power to block any sale of Circus Road by Owen, the registered owner of the lease.

A total of up to £525,000 is said to have been made available by Theriac for the greater comfort of the Levitt family after their Hampstead home was repossessed following Levitt's £67 million bankruptcy. Theriac is administered from Zurich. Like the Skipton it has a charge on the Circus Road property. There is a suggested link between Theriac and London businessman Felix Posen, a former associate of fugitive metal trader Marc Rich who had dealings with Levitt. Levitt associate Conrad Morris reputedly guaranteed part of the payment for Circus Road, but any link with Theriac is unknown.

Creditors will be watching to see whether Theriac reappears again as an even more generous benefactor. The preparedness of a Swiss trust to be so supportive of the loathed Levitt has raised many unanswered questions about exactly who is behind the trust and whose money it contains.

Why should anyone want to help Levitt who has only ever helped himself? A mystery — or maybe not!

**MORE on that intriguing telephone link between Lord Archer and Smith New Court, advisers to MAI during last year's bid for Anglia Television, ahead of which the great storyteller made those profitable share purchases for his friend Broosk Saib.**

**It seems a call was made to the home of a Smith New Court executive from the Archer office at an extremely sensitive time. But the Smith New Court man concerned denies knowing Archer. What can it all mean?**

**Clearly nothing, as Archer says he did not know of the proposed bid because his fragrant wife Mary (an Anglia director) had quite properly kept the deal secret. So who then made this call and why? No doubt the reconvened insider-dealing probe by the Department of Timidity & Inaction will reveal that the call was not made by Archer personally, was a coincidence and did not involve Anglia.**

*DAILY MAIL* deputy city editor Michael Walters delights in spotlighting the shortcomings of stockbrokers and "bucket shop" operators who act for small investors like himself.One such broker about whom he presumably has no complaints is Michael Coppeard of S.P. Angel who has acted for Walters and other journalists, such as Stuart Kuttner, executive editor of the *News of the Shares*, for several years. *Daily Mail* readers can be assured therefore that any reference to S.P. Angel or any of its flotations (such as IES or Advanced Media Group, in which Walters, Kuttner and Coppeard all invested profitably) will be as well informed as it is impartial.

AS NO doubt is the fact that it has taken only two months for Walters to decide it is time once again to "plug" Hay & Robertson, the latest promotion of his old friend and Wimbledon host Paul Levinson.

"H & R looks set to go places," Walters advised on 2 October to those "willing to take a small punt on a virtual unknown". The shares have already more than trebled from the 10p at which Levinson came in last July.

This time Walters conceded that his last Levinson favourite, Tring International, had been "a disappointing show" — despite the benefit of two *Mail* "puffs" this year. But that is far from the full Levinson horror story. While mentioning Levinson's involvement with the Video Collection business during the eighties (a deal that proved multi-million costly for Gerald Ronson), Walters overlooked the Levinson family's more recent video adventures — Priorswalk and its parent company Braveworld.

Priorswalk went into administration in January and then liquidation with a deficiency for creditors of £1 million. Both companies featured as directors Levinson's son Mark and long time Levinson associate Warren Goldberg while Braveworld was owned by Levinson and Goldberg trusts.

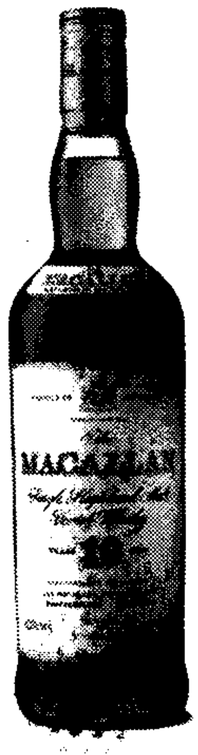
Priorswalk was a wholesale and retail operation with two video/record shops. It sold its wholesale business to a Braveworld subsidiary Realman at a very nice price before the crash, not for cash of course but in settlement of a claimed debt. Goldberg appeared to have agreed the deal as sole director of all three companies! The deal did not go down well with Priorswalk creditors who were advised that it and other aspects of the company's affairs should be investigated by the liquidator.

IN YET another embarrassing incident, the Serious Farce Office has itself been accused of financial chicanery. The SFO is being pursued by Thames Water Meter Company for failing to honour an alleged 1994 agreement to hand over half of any savings on its water rates as a result a settlement with Thames Water which had been over-charging the fraudbusters.

It seems that the SFO, despite having water meters installed, had been wasting public money and enriching the private monopoly by up to £50,000 a year. TWM claims it discovered this rip-off and had begun negotiations for a substantial refund of up to £250,000 from Thames Water when the utility woke up to who its customer was, caved in and paid a substantial sum, maybe £150,000, to the SFO in compensation. But when TWM asked for its share the SFO said there was no agreement. The matter is now with m'learned friends.

***'Slicker'***


*A* STAMP *The* MALT

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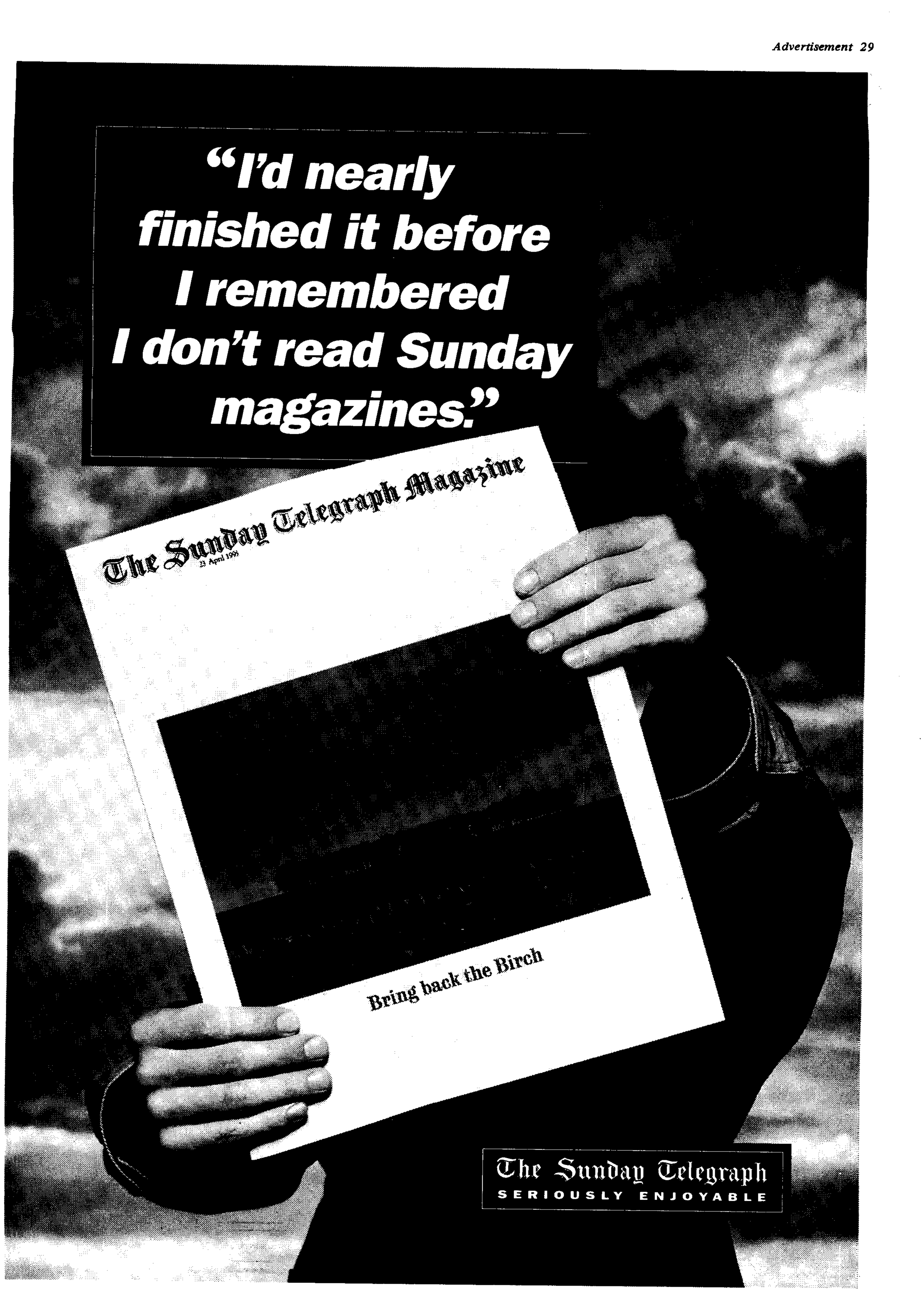


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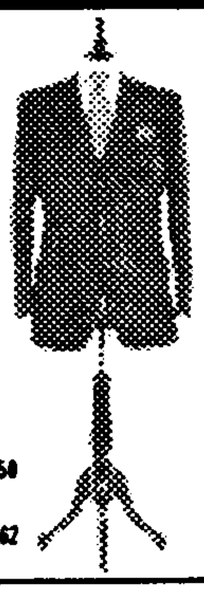

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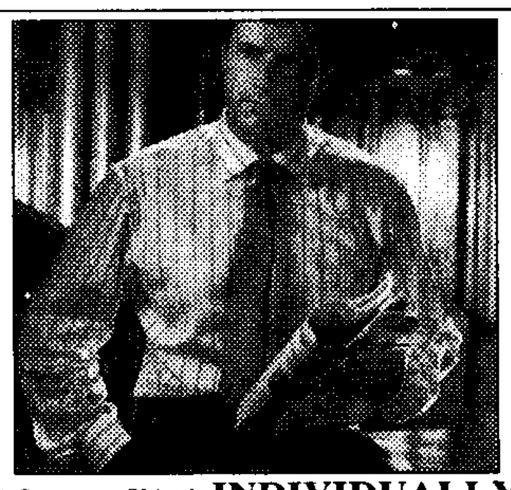

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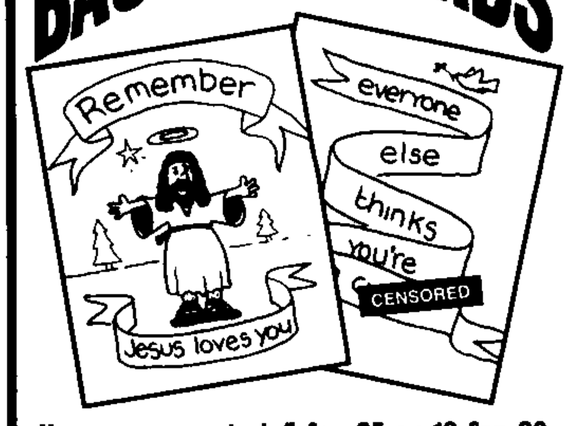


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**TUESDAY 10th October**

**QUOTE**

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The Times

**SPEECH WRITING** by Mitch Murray. See Page 30.

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to protest against British Government duplicity with French nuclear tests in the Pacific
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10 minutes silence at 1pm wherever you are
**Tell 100**

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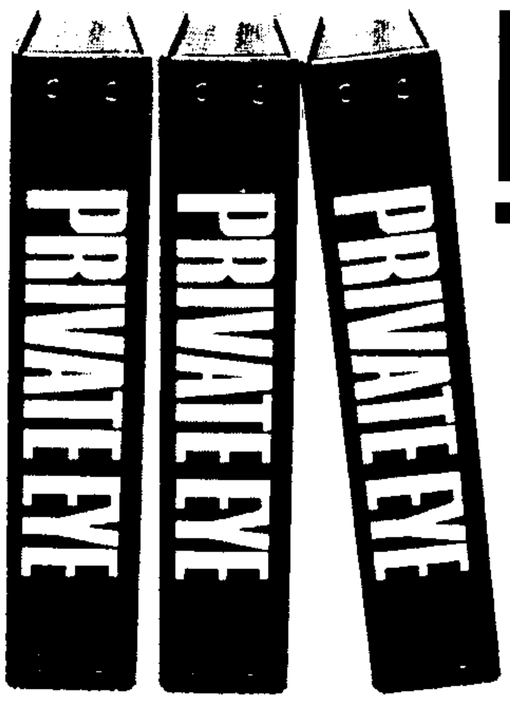


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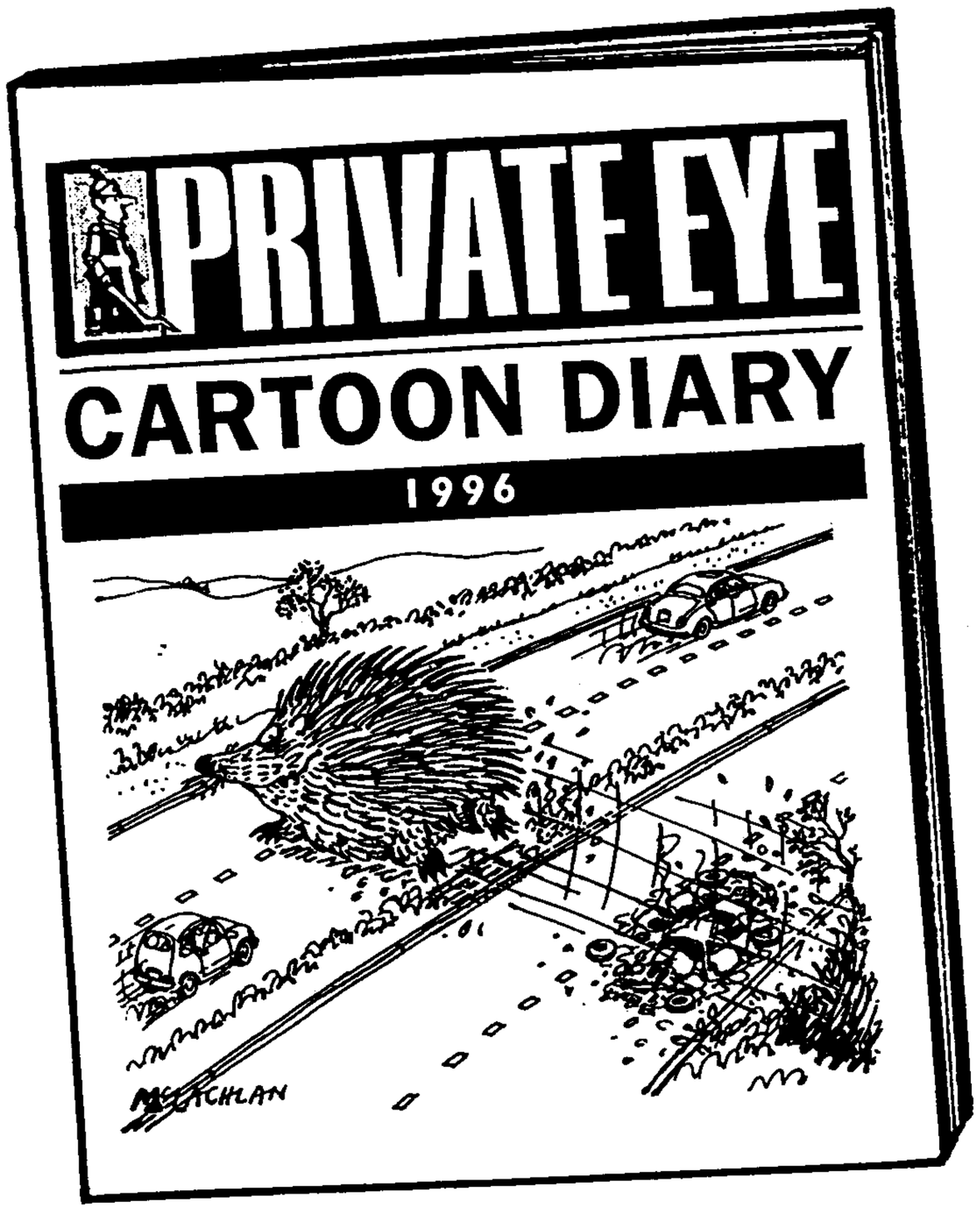


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